

\$100.00 PRIZE STORIES \$100.00

The following conditions will hereafter govern the awarding of cash prizes for Nutsheil Stories, and the manuscripts of such writers only as have complied with all these requirements will receive consideration.

All the necessary particulars being here clearly set forth, it will be useless for any one to seek further information or personal favors by addressing the editor, as such letters cannot be answered.

1. Only persons who are regular yearly subscribers to "Comfort" and who send with every manuscript at least two new yearly subscribers (together with 25 cents for each subscriber so sent) may compete for the prizes.

2. All contributions must have the number of words they contain plainly noted thereon in addition to the writer's full name and address with nom de plume if desired; must be written on one side of the paper only, addressed to EDITOR NUTSHEIL STORY CLUB care of COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

3. All stories must be strictly original with the contributors who may write upon any subject, whether based upon fact, fancy or fiction—of adventure, love, war, peace; of city or country life, or of experiences on land or sea—but no story must contain more than 2,000 or less than 1,000 words.

4. NO MANUSCRIPT WILL BE RETURNED UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES AND COMPETITORS SHOULD THEREFORE RETAIN A COPY OF WHAT THEY SEND.

5. The writer of the best original story will receive \$30 cash; of the second best, \$25 cash; of the third best, \$20 cash; of the fourth best, \$15 cash; and of the fifth best, \$10 cash. Remittances will be sent by check as soon as awards have been made.

No premiums will be given for subscriptions sent in under this Short Story Prize Offer.

The Publishers of "Comfort" reserve the right to purchase at their established rates any stories submitted under the foregoing offer, which failed to secure a prize.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR OCTOBER.

Kenyon West, First Prize,
Addie Goodwyn, Second Prize,
Mrs. S. M. Maverick, Third Prize,
A. Stuart, Fourth Prize,
Mrs. Addie Topham, Fifth Prize.

THE WATCH I LEFT AT THE FAIR.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY KENYON WEST.

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T was my good fortune to have the glories of the "White City" first unfold themselves before me on a fresh and bright day in May. So many beautiful things have been said in description of the great Exposition that I am not going to attempt any analysis of my impressions. Every reader of COMFORT expects to go and see, or has already seen the dreamlike charm, the enchantment of it all—and hence anything that I might write would be tame indeed, compared with the reader's own experience.

One thing happened to me, however, which will not be repeated in the experience of any other reader of COMFORT, and therefore I shall attempt to describe it just as it occurred.

I stayed at the Vendome, on Oglesby Ave., and walked every morning to and from the 62nd St. entrance. This walk led me across a vacant

under the railway. Emerging from this, I would have to pass along the street which was half blocked up with building materials, and finally reach the entrance to the grounds.

It is well to remember that this part of Chicago is the outgrowth of the Exposition. The streets, consequently, are ill lighted and ill paved, and everything is, more or less, in an unfinished state.

To this tunnel, dark and damp even on the brightest days, I paid little heed until the event occurred on Saturday night, the memory of which even now is gruesome and thrilling.

My wife and others of our party usually left the grounds early, but I soon wished to remain longer as the wonders of the "Fair" increased; though, owing to the cold weather, I always returned to the hotel soon after seven.

The first time that I was thus late I noticed a policeman stationed at the entrance to the tunnel. The street in the fading light was silent and deserted. "It feels chilly here, don't you think so?" I said as I passed him, for no more desolate place for his beat could well be imagined. He smiled a reply and I was struck by the pathetic sadness of his face. Every night the same man was there, solitary and silent at his cheerless post.

In May the Fair grounds were at no time crowded. In this quiet street there were few pedestrians—indeed I was often the only one in the tunnel. I did not think of there being any necessity for more than one policeman there until Saturday night had passed; and then I called the attention of the authorities to the dangerous character of the place, and how much it needed electric lights.

On Wednesday morning I went down to the city to escort my wife to the Woman's Congress, then took the Illinois Central, hoping to get to the Fair in time for the Thomas' Concert.

Always interested in my fellow travellers I noticed those who got on and off the cars. At Hyde Park a man entered hurriedly and took the only vacant seat opposite me. He seemed hot and flustered and had an odd, furtive way of looking about him. Then I began listening to the talk of two Algerians who had strayed away from the Midway Plaisance for a trip down town. Their modes of expression were interesting.

I got off at 57th St., as I found I could not get to the concert. A crowd left the cars with me and I was rudely jostled by the man from Hyde Park. Instinctively I placed my hand upon my watch. When paying my fare at the gate this man was close beside me, and he inspired in me both distrust and aversion. I lost sight of him till I emerged from the art gallery. Going into the Aquarium, I ran into the first real crowd I had yet seen. Pushing through it, almost at my elbow, was this man. Again I felt inclined to give more attention to my own personal property than to the interesting objects around me. I caught his eyes upon me several times and they made me feel uncomfortable. As I stopped to look at the sea anemones, hoping he would pass on, he paused just behind me. Then I heard a voice in the crowd say, "Come on; there ain't any fish in that tank," and with a smile at the ignorance of the speaker, I turned and went out into the sunshine.

During the next three days I came across that man at all times and in all places. He grew to me as familiar as the Statue of the Republic or the Peristyle; indeed, I looked at him oftener than I did the glories of the Court of Honor.

At last my wife noticed how persistently he seemed to haunt me. "Is he a detective, do you think?" she asked. "Does he imagine you are

does he know that you are a wealthy man and he thinks you carry money about with you?"

This had not occurred to me before, and I confess her words gave me a strange feeling.

The next morning, on entering the tunnel, we found our "shadow" a few feet ahead of us walking slowly. We hurried past him but I could not detect that his footsteps quickened after us in the quiet street.

At last Saturday night came, the second that the great Exposition had been illuminated by electricity. We remained late in the Court of Honor; it was a dream of enchantment, a beautiful vision to be held ever in memory. The darkness on our way homeward was all the more intense in contrast with the former brilliancy; 62nd Street was scarcely lit at all; and we found it hard to make our way over the piles of brick and sand. Arrived at the tunnel the darkness before was light in comparison with what we experienced here. Had we not known who it was, the solitary shadow looming up before us at the mouth of the tunnel would have been a mystery indeed.

My wife grasped my arm convulsively; others



of our party laughed nervously as we began to enter.

"By Jove this is a ticklish place!" I heard brother Tom say behind me. The next instant we were in the midst of the darkest darkness I have ever seen or felt. It could almost be cut with a knife, it was so thick! We heard footsteps entering the tunnel behind us, we could hear exclamations of surprise and uncertainty, but our ignorance of the speakers added to our excitement. Had we not known the floor to be level we would not have ventured to take another step. As it was we all intuitively felt the ground before we put our feet down firmly.

In the grounds I had noticed my "shadow"; and now, in the middle of this gruesome place, I involuntarily glanced around, but of course I could see nothing, not even forms. A confused murmur of voices was then heard, a woman's faint scream in the distance and a man's quick oath, and the policeman must have lit some matches; for a few fitful gleams of light were visible for a second, then went out. Even my nerves were not proof against fears, but my wife's sensitiveness made me, for once, forget to button up my coat.

We had nearly got through. We could see the faint gleams of the Vendome lights in the distance, when I suddenly felt my arms seized from behind and held firmly for an instant; but before I could understand the meaning of it all, I heard a step hurrying away back into the

"Here, you rascal!" came in smothered tones from Tom, behind me.

It all happened so quickly, and we hurried on where a little light came from a distant gas jet. I was not surprised to see, quite near me, the man of whom I had just been thinking. Taking from my arm my wife's trembling hand, I turned and grasped him by the throat.

"You robber, you thief! Give me back my watch."

The man seemed utterly taken by surprise, but he managed to gasp out: "Your watch? I don't know anything about it, but I would be thankful to get my own back. Perhaps you have it," he added with a sneer. My eyes glanced at his vest—his watch chain had been cut in two, and a portion was hanging straight down from the buttonhole.

"Then you have been robbed too; I beg your pardon, but you have dogged my steps so—"

"Precisely the case with me. I have been much annoyed by your constant forcing yourself upon me. It's a mere coincidence, I suppose."

The man's voice made me feel that his words were false, but what could I do?

The policeman who came hurrying up at our excited words had no lantern; he didn't seem to know whether a man had passed him going the other direction; his faculties seemed to be chilled by the dark, uncanny place. I knew it was useless to accept my shadow's proposals to search the tunnel—I had to agree to the loss of my watch and about two hundred dollars with as good a grace as I could assume. I felt sure my property was in this man's pockets, but I really felt reluctant to act further upon my suspicions. He accompanied us to the very door of our hotel, an act well calculated to disarm suspicion.

All night long, however, I reproached myself for letting him slip away so easily, and in the morning my wife added to my remorse by saying: "You should have had that man arrested. I feel sure he has your watch and money."

"Perhaps it is not too late now," I replied, "I can, at least, report my loss at police headquarters."

Two hours later I went there. My mysterious follower was there before me, this time shadowed by two policemen. He had just been captured at his boarding house somewhere off 63rd Street, and was even now being divested of the contents of his inside pocket. On the table lay a diamond scarf pin, a small gold locket, two beautiful rings—and close beside them lay my watch.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—Since the facts above related took place, the tunnel has been well lighted; so that such an occurrence cannot be repeated.

SOLD FOR A SILK RAG.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY ADDIE GOODWYN.

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I T was New Year's eve at one of the military stations in India. The ball given by one of the officers was in full swing.

The dancing was in the dining-room, and the supper was laid in a tent near by. At 11:45 the guests were assembled around the well-filled tables.

The general was present. He was out on a tour of inspection, and the ball was in his honor so every one was happy and delighted.

"Isn't it rather rash of us to choose this night for keeping



partner, as she drew off her long white gloves preparatory to tasting the savory mock turtle.

"It won't matter for once anyway," he replied. "You need not rise until you please."

"Indeed! And do you suppose for a moment that I will let our regiment parade, and not be present? Of course I will get up. Six o'clock isn't it?"

"A quarter past."

The young man by her side looked down into her eyes and whispered something that brought the color to her cheeks. His manner suggested the existence of a bond stronger than friendship.

They were not engaged, though each was desperately in love with the other. Their course of true love did not run smooth. A stern father barred the road to bliss, a barrier that had already caused Vivian many tears.

But Captain Rudolph Wyllis was an audacious lover. He rather liked the oppression, as it gave zest to his courtship.

During the noise around the table Vivian said:

"I wish you would not talk like that! You know it's of no use."

"I know nothing of the kind!" he quickly replied. "Did you ever meet a soldier who was frightened off the field of love or war? Your father can't subdue me with a stare."

"He is looking so annoyed."

"My little darling, you need not look so frightened. Eat your supper and you will be better prepared to listen to what I have to say to-night."

She gave him a quick glance.

"Oh, Rudolph," she protested.

"You heard the good news this morning—that I have received my promotion? Have some of this punch? It looks good."

He helped her as he spoke. He was fully able to eat a good supper and make love at the same time.

"Yes, I was told and I am very glad. I congratulate you."

"I have been longing for this promotion," he said, "for Vivian, I can afford to keep a wife now."

But these words only made her sad, and she said:

"Rudolph! Father will never give his consent. You know he never will."

"But he shall give his consent. Do you think stern fathers are never conquered? You shall see, darling."

"Silence! for the toasts begin."

Glasses were filled; short speeches were made; and as the New Year came in, each one turned to his neighbor, and good wishes were exchanged.

In a few minutes Captain Wyllis and Vivian were seated in a dimly lighted alcove, where he had his say.

His love-making, like his soldiering, was without fear. Vivian caught some of his hope, and she gave herself up to the enjoyment of the hour.

"A last kiss and then one turn around the room before that waltz is finished," said Rudolph, when his "say" was over and her protests had been met and overthrown. But it was not to be, for gentle Mrs. Ballinger came for her daughter. There was a troubled look on her face.

"Dear Vivian, I have been seeking for you everywhere. Your father has taken cold and we must go home at once on account of the parade in the morning."

When Col. Ballinger got home the servants were aroused and sent for hot water, mustard, and sweet spirits, of niter.

Mrs. Ballinger and Vivian doctored the Colonel patiently and he soon fell asleep, and was apparently comfortable save for the portentous snore that shook his frame occasionally.

In the morning he was but very little better, and woke sneezing and coughing and weeping. But he was compelled to be on duty, so his uniform was laid out all ready, and his servant had his horse saddled and in readiness for him.

"Oh, confound this cold! Get me out some old silk handkerchief. I feel as if my head would burst," he managed to growl out.

He finally dressed with many difficulties, for a man afflicted with a troublesome head cold is a deplorable object.

He drank his coffee, then buckled on his sword, and mounting his charger, he galloped to the parade ground.

He found the morning air sharp, for the sun was just rising—and confound it all! here was another fit of sneezing coming on! Now where was his handkerchief? He felt in his cuffs. But it was not there. He felt in the breast of his coat. No! Had he given it to his horse keeper to hold? No! Horrors of horrors! He had forgotten it, and just then his sneezing increased, and, dash it all, his nose began to run!

What should he do? His eyes began to fill with tears, and no handkerchief. The least speck on his uniform would incense the General.

He rode slowly by his regiment and seeing Col. Smith, he rode up to him.

"Can you lend me a handkerchief?" he asked in his blandest tones. "I forgot mine, and I have the most infernal cold in my head."

Col. Smith seemed surprised at such a request.

"I have only one and I have a slight cold myself, and dare not part with it. Have you one, Major?" he said turning to his fellow officer.

"Very sorry; I haven't one to spare," was the response.

Another and another were asked but with no success. He saw the General in the distance, and he must take his position, handkerchief or no handkerchief.

A familiar voice at his elbow cried: "Good morning, Colonel. A happy New Year. How is your cold?"

"Oh, Wyllis, is that you? Thanks, I am not at all well. I think I have the influenza this time, and, worse luck, I have forgotten my handkerchief. I suppose you couldn't give me such a thing?" there was no hope in the question.

"I can't exactly give it to you for I have only one, but I will share it with you," and Captain Wyllis drew out a large silk handkerchief.

"Here!" he said, "be quick, catch hold," and

as the Colonel caught one end Captain Wyllis drew his sword and sliced the handkerchief, leaving the larger half in the Colonel's hand.

"My dear fellow, how shall I ever thank you?" he said.

"Ask me to breakfast," replied Rudolph quickly.

The Colonel eyed him, then laughed.

"You cheeky young dog," he said, "I know what you mean, and what I am doing when I say 'yes.' You may come and you may think yourself lucky to have won her so easily."

They rode away, each to his station.

After the review, Capt. Wyllis rode up to Vivian, shook hands, and exchanged New Year greetings.

"Oh, you need not look so uneasy, your father has given his consent, and I am invited to breakfast."

"Don't tease me, Rudolph."

"I am not teasing you, darling. It is really true, for your father sold you to me."

"Sold me!"

"Yes, sold you, for a silk rag—but if you let me have an hour in your parlor this morning, I will tell you about it."

And now, when Rudolph wants to tease Vivian, he tells her she is not worth much, for she was "sold for a silk rag."

LITTLE GOLDENROD.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY SARAH M. MAVERICK.

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TAKE care, sir, how you flourish that cowhide around. Better not be so lively with it. If you should happen to hit that little one coming past you'd have it worn out over your back in five minutes. That's our little Goldenrod, and there isn't a man in camp that wouldn't lay right down, and let her trot all over him if she wanted to. Odd name? Well, yes, rather. Maybe you'd like to know how she got it, and why she is here."

"You see, about twelve years ago, there was a gypsy camp right back of us for several weeks. One morning we found they had left during the night, and when the captain came out of his cabin he almost stepped on a bundle that lay in front of it. Picking it up he saw that it was something alive, and supposed the boys had played a joke on him. What was his surprise to find neither puppy, nor kitten, but a sweet baby face looking up at him from the wrappings. Well sir, he dropped into a chair just as if you'd struck him."

"My gracious," he says, "what on earth shall we do with it?" and he looked so helpless we had to laugh at him. She put up her mite of a hand, and giving his long beard a gentle pull, nestled down in his arms as much as to say, "Take care of me, of course."

He found a paper pinned to the white dress where its mother had written: "For the sake of the mother who loves you, take care of this little one. I can't keep her, though she has a perfect right in the world."

"Well, we were in a fix. At that time there wasn't a woman in camp, but you'll most always find where there's a lot of men together, that one of them is pretty sure to be about as handy as a woman, and, as good luck would have it, that was the case here. After we had all of us had our say, and some of the most ridiculous suggestions had been made in sober earnest, Dan Draper steps up, and says he, 'Look here, Cap'n, I reckon I can take about as good care of the little thing as any of us. I helped raise six kids of my own, and if you say so I'll turn nurse.'"

"Thanks, Draper," says he, handing her over with an air of relief. "It's a big job off my hands. She's a little beauty, and seeing she has come among us we must not let her suffer for want of care."

"Well, the long, and short of it is, we all adopted her, and go shares in her expenses. She knows perfectly well how we idolize her, but she never takes advantage of it as most children would. The Captain is her favorite, and I believe she would lay down her life for him if she thought she was helping him by so doing."

"As she grew older she developed a perfect passion for flowers, especially the goldenrod. Many a time have we picked her up fast asleep in the field with a great bunch of it clasped in her arms. She wears it in her hair, and fastens it in her dress, and her pleasure in her curls lies in the fact that they are golden. You'd laugh to see Dan comb them out mornings. You'd think his life depended on getting every hair in line. There's plenty of women here now, but he declares he won't give up that job. After he has got them all in order he fastens a spray of goldenrod among them, if it is the season for it, and acts as proud over it as if he was a French hairdresser."

"She had no name so we got to calling her that, and I guess she will always go by it, leastways out here."

"But the special thing for which we all nearly worship her happened two years ago, when that little tot saved two hundred of us from a terrible death. You see, it was in the fall, and she was running around after her precious goldenrod. While she was sitting among it making a wreath she heard voices. Then steps passed by, but as the flowers were tall and thick she was hidden from sight. As two men approached she heard one say, 'I'll pay the Captain for turning me out yet. You can count on me,' and the other one answered, 'All right. Come along, and we'll talk it over with the other fellows.'"

"That was enough for Goldenrod. Some danger threatened her beloved Captain, and she followed them keeping out of sight, and yet within hearing, with true gypsy instinct. About half a mile out the men stopped, and blew a whistle long and clear. Four or five others joined them, and Goldenrod listened with terror to hear them plan to come upon us while we slept, and by placing giant powder here and there, send us all into eternity without our having the slightest notion of how we got there. They had already sent a message to the Captain that would decoy him away, and meant to catch him on the road, and deal with him at their leisure. She knew it was instant death if she was discovered, but the brave heart never faltered, and it was not till the conference broke up that she started for home. About five o'clock she came flying into camp gasping for breath, and as white as snow. 'My Captain,' she cried as she saw his cabin was empty, 'where is he?'"

"Got word about some business he must attend to at the other camp," I answered. "Left an hour ago, and won't be back for a week."

"The look that came into her face was the strangest I ever saw. Child as she was, the strength and determination of womanhood was pictured there."

"My pony," she said. "We must follow him, and before we could ask a question she was in the saddle, and flying over the trail like a spirit. How pretty she looked, sitting the little animal so steadily, her curls flying like a golden mist around her. Three of us lit onto our horses and followed her. We wouldn't let her rush off alone, and no knowing how far she would have to ride before she caught up with the captain's party. Besides, we knew somethin' was up, or she would never act like that."

"About six miles out she sighted them, and turning round waved her hand to us. As good luck would have it one of the party halted to fix his stirrup, and

the Captain happened to see Goldenrod coming. He rode back to meet her, and as she came up to him she put out her hand with such a look of love and thankfulness that he involuntarily stooped and kissed her."

"What is it, mine girlie?" he asked, and she told him how he had received a false call, and the danger that lay in waiting for him, and those left at the camp. As she finished speaking the poor child's strength gave way, and she would have fallen to the ground if he had not caught her in his arms. You can just bet we were scared lot for, we thought she was dying, but she had only fainted, and opened her eyes again in a few moments. The Captain carried her back to camp in his arms, while I led her pony."

"On the way we saw coming Jack Siddons and Nate Carpenter, both of whom, said Goldenrod, were in the plot. Before they reached us we raised our revolvers and ordered 'hands up.' They looked surprised and sullen, but had sense enough to see that we had the best of them, and obeyed. When we got to camp we put them in confinement separately, and it was not long before we had all the particulars of a most villainous plot. By the next night we had captured the whole gang."

"Poor little Goldenrod was completely prostrated. Delirium set in, and for two weeks the whole camp was as gloomy as a funeral. We had a good doctor though, and he pulled her through, but it was a tough job. We were so thankful for her recovery we all clubbed together, and gave him a hundred dollars extra."

"Yes, sir, our little Goldenrod is the light of this camp, and when you come around this way if you want to go into anyone's good graces, all you've got to do is to be specially kind to her."

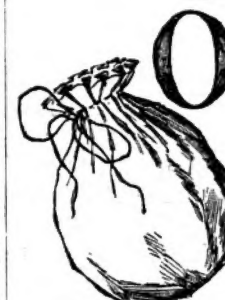
"Here she comes again with her Captain. No, we have never found out who she is, but I'd stake my life it's all right, and all we fear is that some relative will happen along and recognize her. Don't care how many she has if they will settle among us, but it would break up the camp if she should leave."

"Quite interested in her? Well, every one is for that matter. See here, stranger, seems to me you and the little girl have a good deal the same look, about the eyes especially. Noticed it first time I glanced at you. What, going? Well, good luck to you. Better wait and speak to Goldenrod. No? A right then. When you come around this way give it a call. Good morning."

SAVED BY A PANTHER.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY A. STUART.

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FTEEN on winter nights have we gathered around the fire to listen to Uncle Jack's tales of his adventures "out west." They were wild and exciting enough, but the story I liked best was one Aunt Ruth told. Perhaps I liked it, because, being a woman, I could sympathize more fully with one of my own sex.

I give the story in her own words.

You know that when Jack and I had been married about six months, the doctor said that if he did not leave the chill air of New England he would have consumption, and he advised California.

All our neighbors were horrified. California! The land of Indians and brigands, which was only reached by stage-coach or emigrant wagon?

I confess the prospect was hardly pleasant to me, but I urged my husband to sell his little farm and go. The journey was a dreadful one to undertake and my heart almost failed me when, all the preparations having been made, we started at last.

Your uncle has told you most of our adventures on the way, so I will skip part of the journey and tell you my adventure.

We had joined an emigrant train, and had reached the foot-hills of the Rockies, when we camped one night near another wagon-train. Word was brought us that a man in the other camp was very ill, and a doctor was wanted. Jack knew a little of medicine and so went.

He was gone nearly all night and I sat up waiting for him. At last he returned and standing in the fire-light told me the man was dead. He was a man from our village, whom Jack had known some years before. "His wife and child are in B—, about twenty miles west of here, and he asked me to take them all the money he had," concluded Jack.

"How much is it?" I asked.

"About five hundred dollars. Here it is," showing a bag.

"Howdy, folks, howdy!" exclaimed a voice behind me, before I could speak.

We turned, startled, to face a man, dressed as a hunter who seemed to have started from the earth. He was tall and well built and the hand that grasped the rifle was sinewy and powerful.

"I see yer camp fire burnin', and come ter see if I could git a bite ter eat," said the stranger, apologetically. "Haven't had nothin' since 'dawnin' mornin'."

"Certainly I can give you something," I answered, and I turned to get some bacon and bread from the wagon, while Jack invited him to the fire.

How long had the man been standing behind us, listening? Had he seen the bag of gold? While I watched him as he ate, I liked his looks less and less. He was rather handsome, in a rough way, with black hair and eyes, that gleamed with a strange evil light, it seemed to me.

After he had gone, I asked Jack if he thought we had been overheard, but he only laughed.

"Pshaw, little woman," he said, "how could he hear?"

Two days after, we camped on the banks of a little river, just at the foot of a canon. Here we decided to stay two days to rest, before we crossed the mountains.

On the afternoon of the second day one of the boys passing our wagon said: "Mrs. Gordon, if you want some nice blackberries, there's lots above the canon and we'll get you some."

How long it seemed since I had been berrying! I determined to go once more.

"No thank you, Joe," I said. "I will go myself."

"Of what?" I asked. "It is no distance from the camp and I'll have plenty of time."

So, arming myself with a basket, I started. It was indeed early, but the berries were farther than I had expected.

When I reached the spot I filled my basket and then walked to the edge of the cliff and looked over. Far below me flowed the river, looking like nothing so much as a shining snake. Farther to the left, leaving the canon, it flowed into the sunlight, where the camp with its wagons looked like a toy village.

"How dreadful to fall!" I said, half aloud, drawing back with a shudder.

"Pretty scary, ain't it?" said a voice I remembered and turning I saw the visitor of the other night. All my fear and distrust returned at sight of him, and I could hardly repress a scream.

"Yes," I said, "it made me dizzy."

"I reckon you wouldn't like to fall over," and he laughed.

I tried to smile in return as I said: "No, I know an easier way down than that, and I must hurry and take it, too, for it is late."

"Hold on a bit. I want to talk to yer first," he said, baring my way. "Now yer needin' no hair, 'cause I ain't goin' to hurt yer or yer act reasonable."

I stopped and faced him, trying not to let him see how frightened I was.

"You've got some money that don't belong ter yer. 'Bout five hundred dollars, ain't it?" he asked, watching me keenly.

"Yes," I managed to reply.

"Wal now, I want that money and I'm bound to hev it."

"But what have I to do with that?" I cried. "I haven't it with me."

"No, but yer can get it fer me," he said. "You can bring it here to-night."

"I shan't do anything of the kind!" I cried.

"Of course you'll say that," he said with a scornful laugh; then his face grew dark. "But yer in my power, yer know!" and he advanced toward me, scowling fiercely. "Take care!" as I took a step backward, "I don't want yer ter go over too soon. Now listen," he went on, grasping me roughly by the arm, "you won't only hurt yourself by this foolishness, but you'll kill yer husband, for I'll have to kill him if yer won't get the gold for me. Come here and look down," and he drew me to the edge of the

(NUTSHELL STORIES CONTINUED ON PAGE 3.)

"August Flower"

I have been troubled with dyspepsia, but after a fair trial of August Flower, am freed from the vexatious trouble—J. B. Young, Daughters College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I had headache one year steady. One bottle of August Flower cured me. It was positively worth one hundred dollars to me—J. W. Smith, P.M. and Gen. Merchant, Townsend, Ont. I have used it myself for constipation and dyspepsia and it cured me. It is the best seller I ever handled—C. Rugh, Druggist, Mechanicsburg, Pa. ©

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THE NUTSHELL STORY CLUB.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

precipice and forced me to look over. "How do you like that? I can throw you over and no one will be wiser; think yer got scared and tumbled off. And I'll do it, too, if you don't agree to my terms."

The sun was setting and although the spot where we stood was still light, the canon was dark as night. As I gazed into its black depths my head swam and I thought I should faint.

"Now," he said, drawing me back, "will yer do as I ask yer?"

I felt myself powerless in that iron grasp and I knew that the man would carry out his threat, but in that instant my fear seemed to vanish and anger took its place.

"You coward!" I cried, "do you think I will give



up money trusted to me for another? You can not frighten me into doing that. Do as you please with me, you have your answer!"

His face grew fairly black with rage, and for the second time he seized me, this time to throw me from the cliff. Suddenly a dreadful sound echoed through the mountains. I had heard it in the distance that afternoon. It was the cry of a panther! The would-be murderer released me and seized his knife, but it was too late! What seemed a dark streak shot through the air, and man and beast rolled together down the frightful abyss!

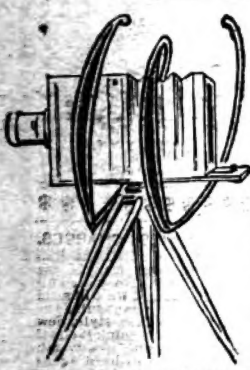
I turned from the precipice and ran back toward the path, but before I reached it, I fell fainting. My husband found me there, when he came with friends to search for me.

And the woman? Oh, she got the money all right and was very grateful to us.

WHAT THE CAMERA DID.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY ADDIE C. TOPHAM.

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tures taken, and now he felt that he was slowly getting ahead.

If only he could save up enough, so that he and Molly could be married in the fall, it was all his wildest dreams could hope for. Poor, patient, loving Molly, it was three years since they became engaged, and for all he could see, until lately, she was liable to continue to preside over Dr. Collins' kitchen to the end of time.

Six months before, a travelling artist had stopped awhile in Brookdale, and taken a fancy to Martin, hiring him to help at odd times, and teaching him to take and finish up pictures. After he went away, Martin went to Worcester, and invested all his little savings in an old-fashioned, second-hand camera, and tried picture-taking on his own responsibility; but there was little call for a photographer in Brookdale, and so, taking Molly's advice, he had come to Benton to try and make their united fortunes.

In the early mornings, before it was time to look for patrons, he would wander forth with his camera, and take shots at various picturesque spots, in the hope of finishing them up, and selling to the summer guests as souvenirs. He was standing, one forenoon, in front of a big white farm-house, almost at the end of the long street, and thinking what a pretty picture it would make, with the big St. Bernard dog asleep under one of the maples that shaded the wide veranda, when a lady came out, and sat down in one of the low chairs. Martin stood fascinated. She had the most beautiful face he had ever seen, and the saddest. If only he might take her picture, not to sell, not to show, just to keep for Molly and himself. But nothing would hire him to catch that sweet troubled face unawares, and he certainly hadn't the courage to go in and ask her permission. Suddenly she looked up, and saw him watching her, and gently inquired if he were looking for anyone. There was no help for it now, and slowly he limped up the path, feeling that all the blood in his body was showing in his face.

"Please ma'am, might I take your picture?" he stammered.

"Take my picture?" she repeated, wonderingly, "what for? Not to sell?"

"Oh, no!" protested Martin, eagerly, "just for Molly and me."

"And who is Molly?" a sad little smile flitting over her face, as she spoke.

And he told her, not only of Molly, but, encouraged now and then by a pleasant question, the humble little story of his life all came out, and the tears filled the listener's eyes, as the paths of it all came home to her, and she realized there were other sorrows in the world beside her own. He told her of the pretty farm that had once been his father's, and how, step by step, that father went down, till at last he died a drunkard, and the farm was sold. How the mother struggled along for two years trying to support herself and her boy; then she, too, was taken, and Martin grew up working here and there for his board and cast-off clothes, and picking up what education he could. Then, when he was eighteen, and earning a comfortable living, a fall from a hay wagon had injured his thigh, and left him lame for life. And he told her of Molly, the only one in all the world who cared for him, and how hard he was trying to put away enough before the season was over, that they might feel safe to start out in life together, before another winter. In thinking it over afterward, that he had told her all he ever hoped or dreamed. Even the impossible air castle of sometime buying back his father's farm, which even now was for sale, slipped out somehow. He walked home on air, and, after that, there were very few days passed, but he managed to have a little

chat with the sad-eyed woman who had treated him so kindly. She let him take her picture, and she bought nearly all his views of Benton, paying him four times as much as he asked, in spite of his protests. No one knew anything about her, except that she was a Mrs. Mason from New York, that she never went away from the house, or made any acquaintances, and that she was staying at Deacon Bangs', where they kept no other boarders.

One bright September morning, Martin started out early with his camera. There would be no business for him that day, for there was a circus in town, and he determined to take a few shots at the circus grounds, and then go round to show Mrs. Mason his views of Brookdale, which she had asked him to bring. But she was not alone this time, a tall, handsome man, with streaks of gray in his hair, stood beside her, and Mrs. Mason introduced him to Martin as her husband.

Mr. Mason shook hands with Martin cordially, but he could see that the photographer was tongue-tied and embarrassed in the presence of a stranger, and he strolled away under the maples, while Martin gradually regained his powers of speech, and began to describe his views.

"I've got one here somewhere," he was saying, "of a foreigner and his little boy, that came through Brookdale last spring. I took 'em 'cause the little fellow was so pretty, not a bit like his ugly-looking father. The little chap danced jigs and passed the hat, and the man played the fiddle. And I declare, if I didn't see the same two hanging 'round the circus this morning. Here's the picture now. Ain't he a pretty—"

There was a choking cry, and Mr. Mason sprang to his wife's side.

"Look! Ned, look!" she gasped, pointing to the picture.

Wonderingly he obeyed, with a puzzled look which suddenly changed to one of wild excitement.

"Is this the child you were talking of, and did you say you saw him this morning?" he demanded of the bewildered Martin.

"Yes sir, about'n hour ago, down near the circus."

There was a sob from the white-faced woman, and her husband clasped her closely in his arms.

"It is our boy, our little Teddy," he explained rapidly, "lost a year ago in New York. He was out with his nurse, who was knocked senseless by a runaway horse; when she recovered consciousness, the child was gone, and money and detectives, even the offer of a five thousand dollar reward, have all been powerless to find a trace of him. Now come, before we lose him again."

They had not far to search.

Just outside the circus grounds, on the edge of a field, sat the foreigner, while, just beyond, stretched at full length on the ground, lay a sleeping child. The noonday sun beat down on the tired, flushed face, and, even in sleep, there was a pathetic curve to the little lip that told its own story of want and privation, and made the eager man who had drawn so near, catch his breath with a sob.

The Italian saw them coming, and, snatching up his violin, he roughly shoved the boy with his foot.

"Git up there, yer lazy loot, and dance one jeeg for the gentlemen."

But a savage hand seized his collar, and his feet flew out from under him, while, roused from his nap, the boy gazed in wonder as he saw his tyrant in the grasp of a stranger. But what it was a stranger? A far-away look came into the big brown eyes, then suddenly a light spread all over the wan little face, and the childish voice rang out:

"Papa! Oh! papa!"

And in the next instant, in his rage and dirt, the worn little form was sobbing in the arms that had ached so long to hold him.

The next morning, Benton had lost his photographer, for Martin, with a check for five thousand dollars in his pocket, was speeding home to Molly. There is no better paying farm in Brookdale than his, no happier couple than he and his Molly. Except for a few weeks in the summer, the camera is stored away in the barn, and then it is in constant use. Teddy "takes" everything, animate and inanimate on the place, while Martin and Molly, and the joyous, girlish-looking mother who cannot bear the sturdy youngster out of her sight, look ever admiringly on.

In answer to our challenge for proof that any of our prize stories were not original, although five million readers regularly see COMFORT, less than half a dozen responses have been received, and three of these complaints concerned the same story, "Miss Hetty," by Rose Seelye-Miller, published in the June issue, and said to have been a plagiarism from a story published twenty years ago in Scribner's Magazine under the title of "Miss Marigold's Thanksgiving." The manuscript readers of COMFORT have fully investigated the charge. The story has been carefully compared with the one in Scribner, and the author of "Miss Hetty" has been communicated with. While the similarity in the story cannot be denied, the radical differences in the incidents, the style, and the manner of bringing about the denouement, are quite sufficient to convince us that the charge against Mrs. Miller is unjust, and that in her reply, from which we here quote, she is perfectly truthful, when she writes us, in regard to "Miss Hetty":

"I composed and wrote the whole as fast as the typewriter and a very mischievous baby would permit. It was never copied. The very first writing was sent you. So how any one could have had the same story more than twenty years ago puzzles me. I did not have access to Scribner's Magazine in 1871. I was a maiden of somewhat tender years then, and had never thought of writing a story. I state as emphatically as possible that I did not copy the story to which you refer, and if I ever read it I do not know when or where. If my story is a fac-simile of the other one, it is one of the most remarkable instances on record. I do not see how it can be. I am not dependent upon old magazines for my work; such as it is, it is fresh from my own mind. Still, the general trend of 'Miss Hetty' is one very common in the fields of romance. Your letter both astonished and encouraged me. The astonishment and encouragement both came from the fact that any effort of mine should, in even a remote way, be equal or similar to one considered good enough to appear in Scribner's."

"If you will think the matter over a little you will see how very few stories there are a little you will find in their originality. I will speak of a few that have come out in COMFORT, all good stories in their way but not particularly original. The story of the girl who had a habit of looking under the bed is not uncommon, though I am not sure but most of them would rather find a living burglar than a dead man in a coffin, as did the heroine in Helena Thomas' story. The story of 'Two Doughnuts' is a somewhat new version of an old tale; the doughnut part being quite refreshing. The story of the woman's dream about the maniac is also a variation of an oft repeated tale. The tale of the dog saving the child is a new rendering of an old harmony. In fact, original writers are very few. 'Ben Hur' is a remarkable book and yet its general trend is similar to that of 'The Prince of the House of David.'

"Let me reiterate, I supposed my story to be original. I did not copy it or any detail thereof to my knowledge. The general trend of 'Miss Hetty' is common, but its entire rendering is my own. All honor and all thanks to those of my readers who have thought my work as good as some used in Scribner's."

While it is evident that we are not justified in awarding to anybody the \$10 offered, by which action we should be condemning Mrs. Miller, we are nevertheless gratified that the readers of COMFORT should have taken such a lively interest in the matter, and feel especially grateful to Miss Mabel C. Thompson, of Washington, D. C., who has written so well and logically on this subject, from her point of view. We also congratulate ourselves on the result of our offer, which has proved to us conclusively that the readers of COMFORT have none of them taken an unfair advantage of the generous attempt that the management of the paper has made to aid them.

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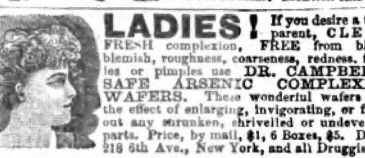
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\$100 THE CASH PRIZE WINNERS, \$100



HE awarding of prizes is necessarily a delicate matter, and one which requires much discrimination and strictly impartial judgment. In such a competition as ours, of course, there are a great many points to be considered, among the first and foremost of which are practical usefulness and originality, as stated in our published offer. A great many pretty ideas have been suggested under this competi-

tion, which were practical enough, but which did not bear the stamp of originality; although I give the senders credit for thinking, when they were sent in, that they had never been printed before. America is a great country; and COMFORT'S Circle extends all through the civilized part of it. Consequently what may seem new in the West, is old to the East, and vice-versa. In fact I have had letters from Bees, sending me something which they claimed as new, and which doubtless was to them, but which I knew about when I was a little girl. And just here I want to thank you all for your interest in this corner and the practical way in which you have shown it. I hope you will not forget it, either; but will continue to send anything that may seem novel or interesting, to the Bees. But now for the awards as they have been decided upon after careful thought by our judges:

To Miss Mary A. Winslow, 117 School Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass., for letter in August COMFORT, \$20.

To Mrs. Jno. H. Letts, Rockport, Texas, for sample and description of fish-scale work, to be published, \$15.

To Mrs. Alex. Conrad, Coolidge, New Mexico, for letter in August number, \$10.

To Mrs. Estelle Parker, Eldora, Hardin Co., Iowa, for description of nursery, in this number, \$7.50.

To Mrs. Laura Belding Farwell, Ward Seminary, Nashville, Tenn., for letter on China-painting, in this number, \$5.

To Mrs. Isadora Clark, Box 78, Elliott, Iowa, for description of home-made book-case and other articles in the July number, \$3.

In addition to the above, the following ten names are entitled to cash prizes of \$2 each:

Mrs. C. F. Hyatt, Ventura, California; Miss Edith Helen Wheeler, 31 Worcester St., Boston, Mass.; Mrs. W. K. Porter, Phoenix, Arizona; Mrs. J. C. Frye, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Carrie Bradley, Little Rock, Ark.; Mrs. E. L. Hill, Danneberg, Neb.; Mrs. Flora Wyman, Bradford, Pa.; Mrs. Carrie Ashton-Johnson, Rockford, Ill.; Mrs. D. E. Moffett, Corning, Iowa; Mrs. F. L. Dayton, Muscatine, Iowa.

And of \$1 each: Miss Sadie Hall Peck, Guilford, Conn.; Miss Winnie Willis, Virginia City, Nevada; Miss Agnes R. Lyons, Dorchester, Georgia; Miss Emma Gilbert, Vicksburg, Miss.; Mrs. B. R. Dudley, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. M. M. Green, Emporia, Kansas; Mrs. Elizabeth Varian, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. D. B. Pettinger, Cayuga, N. Y.; Mrs. M. B. Butler, Xenia, Ohio; Mrs. Victoria Parent, Fall River, Mass.

Justice seems to demand that the thousands of names who have submitted suggestions should receive honorable mention, at least; but of course it is impossible to do this. Again, there were a great many letters—hundreds of them—which were modeled after one or two of the best ones heretofore published—all good ones; and had they come earlier in the season, and not been obviously modeled after others, would have taken first prizes, as far as possible; but of course the claim of originality can only be awarded to those who wrote the first ones of this kind and thus suggested something to write about to the rest. The following, however, are taken at random from the list of those sending in good letters, some of which may yet see the light in COMFORT. Of course, where many letters which treat of a similar subject have been received, prizes have been awarded to the ones first received. We are glad to mention: Mrs. A. A. Kennedy, 1711 Maury Street, Houston, Texas, sample of original crocheted lace; Mrs. S. M. Dunbar, Greenup, Ill., cover for clock and work-box; Miss Nannie Graves, Gridley, Kans., several suggestions; Mrs. L. A. Ferris, Cleveland, N. Y., description of fish-scale work; Mrs. Hutchings, 100 W. 73rd St., New York City, rope waste-basket; Genevieve Merritt, Jamestown, N. Y., ornamental screen; F. H. Fuller, Newburyport, Mass., a medicine chest; Mrs. Ollie Wood, Cinnaminson, N. J., practical directions to make a writing desk, a cosy corner in the family sitting-room, and several smaller articles; Mrs. A. L. C. Birchhead, Proffit, Albemarle Co., Va., suggestions for use in country homes; Mrs. Allie Brewster, Williston, Fla., "How I fixed up my sitting-room"; S. Jeannette Hubbard, 213 25th Ave., Duluth, Minn., a similar subject; Irvington Farrington, 307 G Spruce St., Manchester, N. H., home-made bath-tub; Eloise R. Leslie, 162 Blandina St., Utica, N. Y., "Fixing up a farmhouse"; Mrs. Rhoda Wells, Box 234, Lawrence, Douglas Co., Kansas, home-made mattress, book-case, vases, etc.; E. H. Cooper, 260 E. Main St., Meriden, Conn., what to do with old kid gloves, crocheted edge for table, and various objects; Mrs. A. P. Bankhead, 111 Washington St., Memphis, Tenn., arrangement of shelves and rugs; Mary H. Hopkins, Barrington, Shelburne Co., N. S., several practical suggestions; Inez Redding, Chelsea, Mass., patterns for doll's clothes; Mrs. Henry Alquier, Mountain Grove, Mo., cabinet and other articles; Mrs. J. R. Willis, Golden Pond, Trigg Co., Ky., ironing table, dumb nurse, and chicken-coop; Mrs. Lizzie G. Delaughter, Warren, Bradley Co., Ark., furnishing a room; Mrs. Emma Lent, 1033 Howard St., Peckskill, N. Y., a domestic letter; Mrs. L. Halley, 206 E. 123 St., N. Y., book-shelf, fan-pocket, and catch-all; Mrs. S. J. Russell, Oldtown, Maine, picture-frames, screens, and scrap-basket; Miss C. M. Beeson, Brownsville, Wis., "What to do with old curtain-poles"; M. C. Lawason, Wicker, N. C.,

cheap side-board and other articles; Mrs. Dona Smith, Kossuth, Miss., various ways of making pretty and useful things of old boxes; Mrs. M. F. S. Walla Walla, Wash., home-made rug and other things; Mrs. E. G. Morgan, 120 Clark St., Denver, Colorado, samples and description of worsted and ribbon work; Mrs. S. L. Pickett, 103 A North Jefferson Ave., St. Louis, Mo., home dispensary; Mrs. Wm. S. Royall, Appomattox Co., Nebraska P. O., Va., "Furnishing a home," and utilizing several homely articles in a practical way; Emma M. Cass, Hallowell, Me., ground glass transparency, newspaper rack, chest-settee, etc.; Miss Ida Donnelly, Union Depot, Richmond, Va., description of college girl's study; Mrs. E. L. Davis, Kallispell, Mont., "Making a home at minimum expense"; Miss Fanny LaRue, Summit Point, W. Va., pen and pencil holder; Bessie Parsons, N. Rankin St., Natchez, Miss., Christmas presents; Mrs. C. G. Huber, Butler, Pa., book-case, chair-seat, head-rest, etc.; Mrs. S. C. Moore, Slocum, Ga., items for mothers; Mrs. Isabella Redford, Sandy P. O., Texas, Mary E. Roberts, Montaloo, Cal., description of box-lounger; Mrs. Bernie Babcock, Little Rock, Ark., insertion; Mrs. A. D. Sowerby, Richmond, Kansas, medicine chest; Miss Alice J. Wright, Fort Atkinson, Wis., straw-hat basket; Maggie E. Hudson, Lucknow P. O., Ontario, Canada, netted article; Miss Alice Jenkins, Savannah, Mo., crocheted-work; Lillian Paas, Leeds, Mass., description of "Cosy Corner"; Miss Effie M. Sanford, Stillwater, Saratoga Co., N. Y., crocheted bed-spread and pillow-shams, diamond lace and head-rest; Mrs. F. H. Turner, Idaho Falls, Idaho, description; Mrs. Lizzie Cockrell, Charlestown, W. Va., descriptive letters; Mrs. Emma Engliert, Scappoose, Oregon, dress-trimming; Mrs. R. H. Richardson, Pierce City, Mo., chair for grandma; Mrs. Maggie K. Allen, Argentine, Ky., crocheted throw; and others might be added did not space forbid. However, those who are interested in the subjects set down against the last list of names might write to each other and make an interchange.

A very practical and original idea is that of Mrs. Estelle Parker, who writes:

"I recently furnished the nursery with bamboo furniture, or rather imitation bamboo.



BAMBOO ROCKER.

and grow in southern portions of the United States.

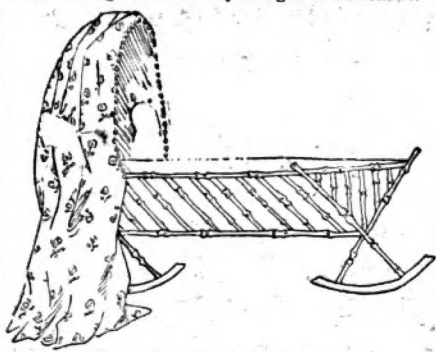
"The first thing I made was the cradle. For this take three pieces for the length, 31-2 feet long; four, three feet long; two, two feet long; 28 pieces 20 1-2 inches long, and five pieces 22 inches in length. Cross two of the 3 ft. pieces, 14 inches from the end. These are the ends of the cradle. Join one of the longest pieces to each of the crossed parts, and each of the others to the tops. Screws are better than nails for this purpose. Fasten the five end-pieces in proper position. Use for the side-pieces the smallest of the pole. Now fasten the rockers on. A carpenter will make them. Take some brown paint and paint it in little spots at the joints to resemble bamboo. Line the inside with blue denim tacked on with brass-headed tacks. Curtains over the top of a cradle are indispensable for keeping off drafts. Wire made the foundation for mine. The curtains were of yellowish China silk with a spray of brownish flowers. It was edged with silk balls to match the flowers.

"Then I made a screen with three wings. This requires six poles, each five feet long; the middle leaf is 21-2 feet wide, while the other two are 13-4 wide. A piece is inserted four inches from the top and six inches from the bottom in each leaf. On the larger frame ten smaller sticks each three inches apart are put in between the two pieces. These smaller frames require 7 sticks each 3 inches apart. The leaves were joined by hinges, and covered with yellow silk the same as the curtains of the cradle. Corner shelves to keep playthings, books, etc., on require 3 poles, each 61-2 feet long. Have 6 triangular shelves, the front edge 20 inches long. The bottom shelf is screwed 1 inch from the end of the poles, each of the poles being screwed to one of the corners. The second shelf is 11-2 ft. from the bottom one; the other four are 1 ft. apart. Paint the poles to represent bamboo and fasten to the second shelf a curtain of silk, the same as that used on the screen, with a row of brown silk balls to the bottom of the curtain.

"Nursery chairs may be made from fish poles also. The two upright pieces for the back were 2 ft. long. Each of the four legs were 16 inches in length. The front and back pieces were 11 inches long and four pieces are used 12 1-2 inches long. The bottom or seat of the chair was taken from an old worn-out one. My rockers were made by a carpenter. The seat of the chair was covered with a cushion of yellow silk, tacked on with brass-headed tacks. Over the back was a head-rest made from the same silk, edged with brown silk tassels.

The remaining furniture was made up of picture-frames, curtain-poles and a foot-rest. The curtain poles were 31-2 feet long. Brass knobs, which may be bought at any furniture store, were screwed to the ends, and the curtains were sewed to brass rings. The curtains were of figured yellow silk and edged with silk balls.

"The reason for choosing yellow, was that no matter how gloomy the day, yellow tints throw a mellow light over everything like sunshine.



BAMBOO CRADLE.

"The picture frames were very easy. The pictures I painted. Some of them were yellow roses, great yellow and purplish pansies, and a nest full of yellow, downy, fluffy chicks. The foot-rest was 9 inches high 10x8. It was cov-

ered with the silk, put on with brass-headed tacks, and a curtain 4 inches deep tacked around the edges."

Mrs. B. R. Dudley, 519 N. 2nd St., Richmond, Va., writes:

"I desire to make a practical suggestion to your readers who are not able to supply themselves with an ice-box, refrigerator or water-cooler for use during the hot weather, and cannot buy one. For years we simply wrapped our daily supply of ice in an old blanket and laid it away in a box. An old blanket will prevent rapid melting, but it will leak, causing an unsightly spot on the floor. This summer we determined to plan something better, and this is what we did. We first secured a medium sized barrel, strong but bottomless; an empty 50 lb. tin lard can with a cover; an empty butter firkin, which fitted to the top of the barrel as a cover, and three bricks. We next dug a hole in the wood-house several feet deep and sunk the barrel in it, banking the dirt around the sides. Within this on the ground, we arranged the three bricks as a rest to keep the tin from touching the ground. Then after drilling several holes in the bottom of the tin to make it 'leakable,' we placed it upon the bricks, covered the barrel with the butter tub, and our 'ice-box' was complete.

"When our ice is delivered, we wrap it securely in paper (a non-conductor) and place it within the can. As the ice melts it drains through the bottom of the tin into the ground. The bricks allow free ventilation, so that it is comparatively dry. We frequently take the tin out and sun it in the morning before the arrival of the iceman, and occasionally give the inside of the barrel a good liming to prevent mould and unhealthy odors. Our butter, lard, milk and meats, we keep within the tin in suitably covered vessels, so as to come in to direct contact with the ice. In the space outside the tin within the barrel, we keep melons, fruit and vegetables. Our 'Comfort' ice-box cost next to nothing, but it is very satisfactory, and supplies a need which is felt by many hundred families. I have lately added a low shelf on the ground outside, upon which to remove the several articles, when I wish to crack a piece of ice for a pitcher of water.

"The butter firkin has its special advantages. Sometimes, as when we place a melon or an extra bucket in the barrel, the contents extend above the top, and a flat cover would not answer. The convex tub breaks the heat somewhat, and thus aids in lowering the temperature within. Of course the tin which holds the ice has a good cover which is always kept closed, so that its contents receive no injury whatever from vegetables, etc., outside."

Mrs. Flora Wyman, 15 Washington St., Bradford, Pa., says:

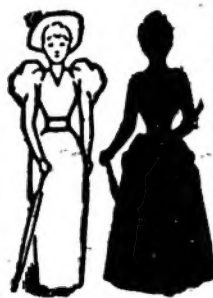
"A set of home-made book-shelves has already been described in Busy Bee's column; but I have something so entirely different and so pretty that whether this secures a prize or not, I would like some of the Bees to try it. Mine were not intended for books, and would be hardly suitable for them. I had quite a collection of curios and oddities that I had picked up in different places of which I was really proud. I had no place to keep them until I made these shelves. You have often seen and admired the large toad-stools that grow about old trees and logs in the woods. I found three of different sizes, that were nearly twice as long as wide. I took them home and, after breaking off all the bits of old wood, painted the smooth surface white. I used the common white paint, such as is used for inside work, and had to apply four coats to make it look right, but if you have the white enamel paint, so many coats are unnecessary. The other side I painted black, and followed the little wavy lines in gold. When dry I varnished it, and made three holes through each toad-stool, one in each end, and one in front. I had painted a piece of rope black, varnished it, and this was put through the holes, making a large knot just under each shelf, to keep it from slipping. The largest toad-stool made the lowest shelf, and the smallest one the highest. The black side is the under part of the shelf, and is very uneven, but that is its beauty. Careful housekeepers will condemn this because it gathers dust so easily, but if you will hang a piece of old muslin or calico over it when sweeping, the dusting will not be so much work.

"Here is something else that has been a 'joy forever' rather than a 'thing of beauty' in our household. Baby's rocking chair was too high for her to get in and out easily, and so I made her a little seat like the following: get a board twelve or fourteen inches square and cover one side with dark cambric. Pad the other side to a depth of two or three inches with something very soft, an old quilt, or, if you can get the material used by upholsterers, of course that is best; only don't use cotton, for that packs so easily. Take a piece of plush three inches larger than your board, stretch tightly and tack on the under side. For the legs, go to the nearest hardware or furniture dealers and get four clothes pegs of the largest size. Mine are about eight inches long. Screw these on the under side of the board at the corners, and baby's seat is finished. This can be made more elaborate by getting fancy brass furniture tacks or 'nail-heads' an inch across, or just the thickness of the board. Tack them about the sides close together, gild the curved iron legs, and with a dark green or navy blue plush cover, you have a handsome foot-rest. The plush I used was the trimming of an old skirt, not worn, but badly soiled. I had always heard and read that plush could not be colored or washed on account of crushing the pile, but this was useless as it was, and I determined to try an experiment. I colored it a dark green, following the directions given on the package, then, taking it out of the dye, let it drain without wringing or squeezing. When it had stopped dripping I stretched it smooth on a table, and with a stiff brush, brushed the nap all one way. This part requires care. The nap must lie down smooth as satin, and is allowed to dry that way. When perfectly dry I brushed the other way, and back again, and the plush looked like new. After making the stool, I had a large piece of plush left, and with this I recovered the worn-out plush bottom of a favorite rocker; and now it holds its accustomed place in the sitting room, and no one knows that I saved the cost of new plush as well as the upholsterer's bill."

I never saw or heard of any one making a toad-stool cabinet before, except my own; which was made more than ten years ago, and in which the toad-stools were left in their natural state. No painting or gilding can equal the natural stripping and marking of these strange excrescences; and a good coat of varnish is all that I should advise. The initial cut gives an idea of how they look when finished. Next month we will give instructions for the fish-scale work, which is so rare and beautiful.

BUSY BEE.

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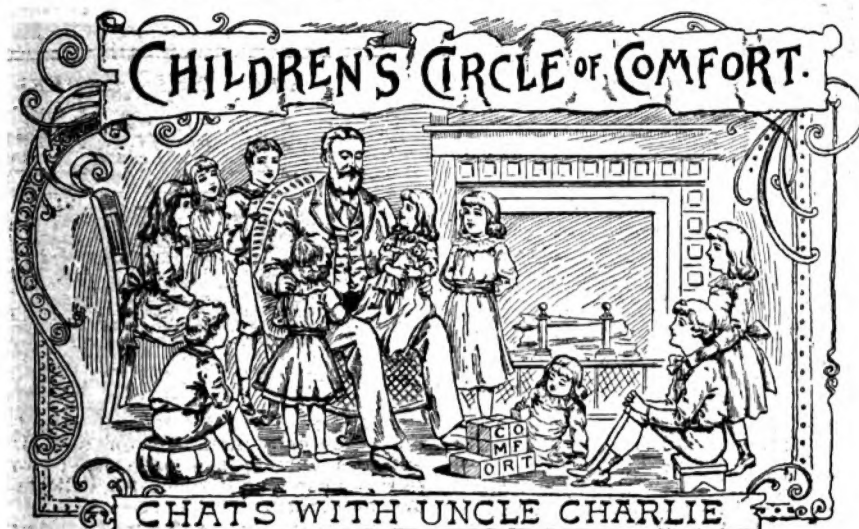
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CHILDREN'S CIRCLE OF COMFORT.



CHATS WITH UNCLE CHARLIE

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sight of land. Come, draw up around the big, blazing, Comfort fire. As there are some three or four millions of you, you'll have to be good-natured, and not push or crowd.

Now, what are the life-saving stations? Well, about a dozen years ago, the government thought something ought to be done to save the hundreds of brave sailors who perish near the shore in bad weather, after having braved dangers, perhaps for many months. So these life-saving stations were established all along the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. There are 242 of them now, supported by the government. A good substantial house is built, big enough to keep the captain and eight or ten men. Attached to it is the boat-house where the big strong life-boat, the smaller life-car, and all the rest of the things ever likely to be necessary for their use are kept. There is a living-room with books and papers and maps and charts, in the house proper. Back of that is a dining-room and a neat little kitchen that reminds one of a ship's cabin, it is so snug and tidy. The men do all their work, and very good housekeepers they are too. They take turns at "the mess" as they call it, so that each one does his share. Up-stairs are their bed-rooms which are very trim and cosy. Everything is built for warmth and solid comfort, and these men have things very nice indeed, you would think, to walk over their quarters on some fine day.

But let us see. Are they always so comfortable?

No matter what the weather, one man must patrol the beach for several miles each side of the station every day and all night. These watches are divided among the men so that no one does patrol duty more than six hours in succession. He must keep close watch of what is going on at sea, as far as his eye can reach, and that is much farther than yours would, because his long practice makes his sight perfect.

At night the patrolman carries a lantern, and always a spy-glass. On a pleasant starlight night in the spring or fall, this walking up and down is not such a very hard thing to do; but there are some terrible nights in the winter, when it is almost as much as a man's life is worth to be out in the fearful storms that sweep the coast. And of course these are the nights of all others that there is danger of the ships foundering; and then the patrolman must pace wearily up and down his few miles of rough and storm-swept coast, with the wind tearing at his clothes, and trying to blow out his little light lantern, and the snow or rain pelting him, and above all the bitter cold trying to overcome him and drive him exhausted back to the station.

But he does not give up. Let us play we see such a man now, struggling along the coast of Massachusetts Bay, through ice and snow and over slippery rocks. He has been walking here three hours and his feet and hands are numb. But he keeps his eyes turned bravely toward the water. Suddenly he stops and peers anxiously at the bank of thick fog that has been coming in from Eastward for an hour. He watches a minute and then—yes, it is a vessel in distress. He forgets that he is cold and numb and hungry. He turns and runs, on his half-frozen feet, towards the station. He sees one of his mates farther up the line, and signals him. Word is passed on to the station quickly, and by the time the patrol has arrived there the men are already getting out the life-boat, and the car, and the breeches-buoy and the mortar, and hundreds of feet of stout cables and rope. They move like clock-work and yet they seem to fly. The life-boat is thirty feet long and so constructed that the roughest sea cannot capsize it. As soon as the alarm is given at the station, the men inside run to the boat-room. Two of them push back the wide rolling doors on the side next the sea. Two



MANNING THE LIFE-BOAT.

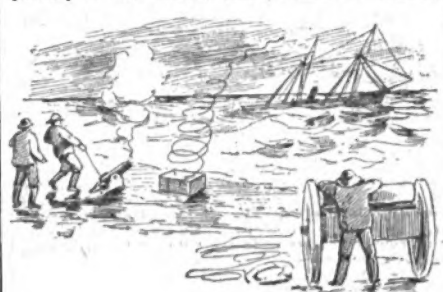
others see that everything is in readiness and push it out. This is easily done because the life-boat is always kept on wheels ready to start, and all they have to do is to push and pull all together, and it rolls out. It is kept

ready stocked with life-preservers, ropes, rockets, and all the necessary paraphernalia. (That's a big word; look in the dictionary for it.) The men push it out to the most convenient point for the wreck. The captain has already signalled the distressed ship so that they know help is near. Rockets are fired if it is night, or flags are waved by day as signals.

But how do you suppose nine or ten men with nothing but this small boat are going to rescue thirty or forty people who may be on the ship yonder? The sea is tossing and the wind howling. How will they manage it?

Well, they will not be so foolish as to try to go out to them in this sea. If it was a smooth sea and the vessel had become disabled, they might try to bring home the crew and passengers in the life-boat. But not to-night. You see this little mortar? It is a small cannon, isn't it, girls? Now you see this piece of cast-steel like a billet of wood, with a rope several hundred feet long attached to it? Now, watch. They are going to fire it out of the mortar.

Bang! there it goes. See it go, straight as an arrow, for the vessel, and fall on deck. Now if you could all look through this field-glass of mine together you could see one of the sailors pick it up and run quickly to the tallest mast, which he climbs.



"BANG! THERE IT GOES!"

The rest look on, feeling already that their lives are saved. For that little billet of steel is their salvation.

How? The sailor is at the top of the mast now. He is making the rope which it brought fast to the mast. Another rocket is sent, and other ropes are fastened.

Do you see this round thing which is shaped more like the baby's teething ring than anything we can stop to think of now—a great round, rubber ring, inflated with air. What do you suppose they are going to do with it? You will see. By means of these pulleys, it goes whirling across the roaring, briny deep, over to the ship. Look, as many as can, through the field-glass and tell us what you see.

"We see a man getting into that thing. And oh! they are working the pulleys again, and that man is spinning across the angry



THE BREECHES-BUOY.

waters to the land!" Yes, and they will keep this breeches-buoy—for that is its name—going back and forth bringing men to the land until everybody is saved. It don't take long, for it goes very fast, and the men are in a desperate hurry. But there are some ladies and a child on board; yes, and a sick man. What can they do? They can never get into the breeches-buoy and skim over here in that way.

Watch those sailors on shore. See that queer-shaped little boat that they are hauling out of the life-boat. Looks like a big peanut, don't it? Now, see them fasten it on to the ropes that go over to the sinking ship, and now they work the pulley and away it goes! In a few minutes it is over to the ship. The top comes open like a box-cover, and the woman and the child and the invalid get in together. Now it is closed up tight again, and here they all come towards the land! Isn't that wonderful? They get out of the life-car and are hurried over to the station to be warmed and fed; but the brave fellows who live there do not go yet. They send the breeches-buoy over again and again, until finally every soul on the ship is saved. And then they man the life-boat in answer to the captain's appeal, thinking they will try to save some of the property of these wrecked people if it is possible to get there. The captain gets in and the eight men behind

jump in as if they were one sailor with eight legs; for these men are trained just as closely as soldiers are, and their movements are all quite military. But there is no need for them to try to brave the waves, for the vessel from which they have just brought away thirty-six people is sinking. She gives a lurch and her bows settle in the water; and now we can see nothing of her but two tall masts. She has sunk.

Let us go up to the life-saving station. The men are there before us. The rescued ones are thoroughly chilled, wet to the skin and miserable. But the station is already warm, though the fires are again replenished. Hot coffee is made and handed around and plenty of good plain food brought out. The ladies and the sick man are put to bed in the rooms up-stairs while the child—a tiny little fellow five years old—runs around among the men and gets acquainted with his new friends. And how long has this all taken?

It is only fifty-five minutes since the men pushed out the life-boat.

To-morrow morning they will all go home. It is nearly night now, and there are no trains from this lonely out of the way station to-night. So these thirty-five men will bunk around the fire to-night, thanking God even for this safe warm place. The life-savers give up their rooms to those more helpless than they, but



THE LIFE-CAR.

they are such generous-hearted as well as brave fellows that they will not mind it. And they will get up early and provide a nice warm breakfast for the rescued party in the morning. And when the latter get aboard the train, with hearty thanks mixed with good-byes to their life-savers, and wishing them all sorts of good things, turn their faces toward home and friends, the life-savers will go back to their lonely duty of watching the angry, sullen sea again, and to lonesome days and dark chilly nights.

But there! some of you are asleep already. Wake up now and go to bed; and next month we will see if we can find something interesting enough to keep you awake.

UNCLE CHARLIE.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

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HIS is a little talk about French cooking.

"French cooking!" I hear some reader of COMFORT cry. "Well, I suppose that is very interesting to Mrs. Vanderbilt, or Mrs. Astor; because they can afford to travel to France, and enjoy French cooking; or afford to bring a famous cook, trained in the great French kitchens, over to cook for them, at a salary of ten thousand dollars a year, or so! But what has French cooking to do with the every day American kitchen, we should like to know!"

French cooking has everything to do with American kitchens, if the wise, capable housewives who rule American kitchens, will have it so. For what makes French cooking differ so widely from other kinds of cooking, and why has it earned such a famous reputation for itself, that we all look upon it as a luxury only to be enjoyed by bonanza kings, like thoroughbred horses and racing yachts? Is it because French cooks use, and French cooking demands materials that are so very costly? Not a bit of it. The genuine French cook makes it his boast that he can feed a family on dishes made from what is thrown away in the every-day American or English kitchen. Then what makes French cooking so famous and so sought for?

There was once a famous surgeon who had an old darkey servant. Some one complained once, in the servant's hearing, of the immense price his master had asked for performing a surgical operation. "It took him less than an hour to do it," they said, "and he only used two or three little instruments, and a few yards of cheap muslin bandages; and yet look at the hundreds of dollars he was paid." "Look-a-here!" said the old darkey. "It ain't for de time he charge so big, nor 'tain't for de use ob de instruments, nor 'tain't for de muslin ob de bandages; it's for de know how!"

Now that is precisely what French cooks charge and are paid for; it's "de know how!" It isn't the time it requires, nor the expensive materials it makes use of; it's the knowing how to do it, that has given French cooking its reputation, and makes it the delight of discriminating eaters, the world over. And why shouldn't American housekeepers "know how," too? There is no reason in the world why they shouldn't. It's just a question of patience, and willingness to accept new ideas, and to make experiments, and not be discouraged by a few failures.

If that is all, why haven't American housewives learned something more about French cooking, in all these years? Nobody accuses American women of being anything but quick-witted and glad of new ideas, when they are good ones. Why haven't they learned French cooking, then?

Because they haven't had time. Because American women—the rank and file, the bone and sinew of American womanhood—have been too busy helping American men build up the essentials of a country, to study how to enjoy luxuries—by luxuries here meaning matters that cost time, whether or not they cost money. The pioneer mother, east, west, north and south, was so weighed down with the idea of the number of stomachs, big and little, to be filled three times a day, and tickled with pie between meals, that she could not give any previous hours to studying how to prepare the food for those stomachs in the most wholesome and appetizing way. Small blame to her! When we have to knock together a shelter to keep us from the weather, we don't stop to construct artistic corner shelves, or place cushioned window seats. The good housewife, living away out "back of beyond," as the saying goes, was too busy with the solid necessities in the way of cooking, to get time, or will, or opportunity, for that matter, to learn how the French, or anybody else, did their cooking.

It was a pity that she didn't. They say if the fathers eat sour grapes, the children's teeth get set on edge. Perhaps it's because American fathers in the brave old times, ate sour things and greasy things and soggy things, that their children's stomachs have gone so dreadfully wrong. We are known as a nation of dyspeptics.

For American cooking has, in the past at any rate, a great many "sins, negligences and ignorances," as the Prayer Book puts it, to answer for. If all the vegetables, especially potatoes, served soaked with the water in which they were boiled, dark and soggy; if all the steaks with the good juicy life tried out of them; if all the pies, heavy with lard-freighted pastry; if all the fish-balls left to "sozzle" fat in a lukewarm spider;—if all these things could be called up before us in procession, what a nightmare procession it would be! And how the black imp of dyspepsia would chuckle, as it passed!

And these sins are not all sins of the past. The present has its share of them. Only there is no excuse for them any longer. American housewives, who always had the wit to learn the very best ways of doing things, now have more time to learn, and ought to have the will to learn, the very best ways of cooking. Some of these ways are those of the French cooks whose name is famous, the world around. And some of these ways, good American housewives, COMFORT is going to teach you; and much comfort, I do assure you, will come to you and yours from learning the lesson.

Let us begin learning the lesson just here and now, by finding out a few things in which French cooking differs from American cooking, and is better:

First of all, French cooking has immensely more VARIETY. For every single way an American housekeeper cooks a bit of meat, a French cook can teach her a dozen ways. Take a cut of beef. When the American housekeeper has roasted it the first day, and warmed it up in slices, in its own gravy; the second day, and perhaps made "hash"—dreadful name!—from its odds and ends, the third day, if the beef hasn't come to an end, her patience with it has, and the remains of it go to the pigs. Now give a French cook that cut of beef. He would, first of all, require the butcher to send home not only the cut itself, but all the "trimmings" from it; the bits of bone and fat and outside edges, that were cut from it to make it shapely, for roasting. Out of these "trimmings," our French cook would make us a dish of very appetizing soup, with which to begin our dinner. He would put all the "trimmings"—the bits of bone chopped up, so as to yield all their marrow into a small kettle, add three pints or so of cold water, and set it where it would come to a gentle boil. In an hour, he would add half an onion, sliced; a half teaspoonful of salt, a sprig or two of the pars-

ley that every housewife can grow from seed, in a box, in her sunny kitchen window. When dinner time comes, the soup would be strained through a colander, or coarse sieve; a pinch of pepper and another of celery-salt—celery-salt can be bought for twenty cents a bottle, and a bottle will last a year—added; and then the French cook, before serving, would add to the strained soup whatever was to give it its name, for that day. If it was to be macaroni soup, he would have a few sticks of macaroni standing ready boiled, in salted water, to put in it; if it was to be croustou soup, he would have some bits of bread-crust cut into little squares and toasted in the oven, ready to put in; and so on, a different addition to the soup, each day, and a different name for it. And there would be the first dish of the dinner. And its extra cost would not be five cents. Then would come the beef, in its first serving, as a fresh roast.

For its serving the second day, I do not think our French cook would warm up the left-over beef in its own gravy; but would try to prepare it in some such form that nobody should guess it was a second serving; there is something in the very sound of "warmed over" that takes away the appetite. He might serve it as a Spiced Beef Roll; or as a Beef Pie; or as Beef Croquettes; and then there would be nothing warmed-over about it; and the family would feel themselves very well treated indeed, at having fresh meat dishes every day.

How would he make the Spiced Beef Roll? Like this. He would cut the cold meat into long, thin slices. Then he would rub into each slice a little pinch of salt, another of pepper, another of celery-salt and another of ground clove. He would roll up the slice, and tie it into a little ball. Then he would put it to boil in yesterday's gravy, thinned out with hot water, and he would boil the rolls an hour. He would put them on a platter, with a tiny sprig of parsley stuck upright in each one. Before pouring the gravy around them, he would stir a tablespoonful of tomato catsup into it; and perhaps—for a French cook is very far from being a prohibitionist, I assure you—a tablespoonful of home-made wine. The wine isn't necessary, but it's good. The gravy is poured around—not over—the meat rolls; and there our French cook would have "a dainty dish to set before a king!"

Concerning the Beef Pie which our French cook might choose to serve, instead of giving us yesterday's beef "warmed over," it hardly seems necessary to give any instructions, since meat pies are a specialty of American cooking; whether the beef steak pie of New England, or the chicken pie the turbaned Virginia "auntie" makes in a fashion no French cook could improve upon. I would only suggest that our French cook would be sure to make the crust a rich one, and see that the meat filling had plenty of seasoning.

It almost seems, by the way, as if the secret of French cooking lay hidden away in that little word "seasoning." The American housewife is very likely to think she "seasoned" a thing, when she has given it a dash of salt and a chary sprinkling of pepper. But this is only the beginning of seasoning, as the French cook very well knows. He is master of all the delights to the palate that hide in dried herbs, and walnut and tomato catsups, and grated cheeses, and tarragon vinegar, and dried angelica stalks, and celery-salt, and—but dear me! One gets quite out of



THE FIRST DISH AT DINNER.

breath merely in naming over the various seasonings that stand ready in little pots, and are stopped up in little bottles, and hang, dried, from kitchen hooks, ready to make homely dishes delightful, in the wise handling of the French cook!

Just about here, some readers will again lift up their aggrieved voices, and say, as Dickens' dear Bella Wilfer used to, "You old thing! There you are again, with your 'pinch of something impossible!'" Not a bit of it, dear housewives! Not one of the things I have mentioned is impossible to you! You who have gardens can raise all your year's herbs, in one wee garden corner; sage, and thyme, and marjoram, and all the rest. And you who haven't gardens can buy enough, for ten cents, of any of these herbs, to last you twice a year. As for catsups, which of you hasn't a bottle of walnut or tomato catsup always on your table or your shelf, without it ever occurring to you to introduce it to your soup-pot or your stew-pan? As to tarragon vinegar, all you have to do is to enclose, to any grocer in any big city, ten cents in stamps, with the request they send you its value in dried tarragon; and when the queer-looking stuff comes, just drop it into a quart bottle of vinegar, and let it soak; and there you have one of the most famous flavoring-stuffs of famous French cooks. And thus, with a little foresight, you can supply yourselves with seasonings a-plenty; and when you are learning from your cook-book, or the columns of COMFORT, to cook something new and delightful, you won't have to give it all up, because the directions ask for that "pinch of something impossible!"

"This is a digression," as old-fashioned novels used to say. It is a very important digression; be-

cause it shows you how easy it is to keep by you the flavorings that win half the battle of good cookery.

Now let us talk a little about the croquettes which the French cooks find such an appetizing way of using up what is left of our cold roast beef, after we have made our spiced meat roll, and our beef pie.

"Croquettes! Why that is what people have at grand dinners and suppers! That is a French dish! We never could learn to make those!"

Dear COMFORT-loving housewives, do you know what croquettes are? They are nothing more nor less than a kind of glorified HASH. A rose by any other name may smell as sweet; but hash by a French name tastes a great deal better. Looks a great deal better, too!

To make croquettes, you must free your cold meat—it may be beef, or lamb, or veal or chicken—of all its gristle. Chop it as fine as you possibly can. Boil enough potatoes to make, after they are mashed, an equal quantity to your chopped meat. Mash them while quite hot, and mix thoroughly with your meat. Add two thin slices of onion, also chopped very fine. A liberal sprinkling of salt; a dust of pepper; five drops of tarragon vinegar; the grated peel of half a lemon; one egg, thoroughly beaten. If the mince thus made is too soft to "shape" in your hands, sprinkle in flour, very cautiously, until it is stiff enough. Shape it, with your floured hands, into nice little round balls, or into oblong rolls, pointed at one end. Have a kettle of boiling hot fat. Mind, a kettle, not a saucepan; and with fat enough to quite cover the croquettes when they are plunged into it; just as you would fry doughnuts or crullers. Try your fat by dropping a bit of bread into it; it is right for the croquettes, when the bread browns very quickly, without burning. Roll each croquette lightly in flour; lower it gently into the frying-kettle with a wire spoon. Fry a crisp brown. Have a double thickness of brown paper on a square platter. Lay the croquettes on this paper as you lift them from the fat; it will absorb all the surface grease, and leave them crisp and dry. Serve on a flat dish, ornamented with parsley-tips. And there you have one of the best-known dishes of French cookery; and how much trouble was it to prepare it, after all! Have I made it clear to you that the secret of French cooking is not in the costliness of the mater-



A PLATE OF CROQUETTES.

ials it uses, but in the skill with which it uses the materials? Then we are ready to have some COMFORT-able talks together, about how to do French cooking with American materials; than which there are no better nor more abundant materials in all the cooking world!

"You've given us ever so much theory!" I hear other readers say. "Give us a little more of the applied, and the practical!" Very well; here are a quartet of receipts which if you follow carefully, your households will ask when you engaged your French cook, and how much you pay him a month!

TEA WAFFLES.

Take two tablespoonfuls of mashed sweet potatoes, one spoonful of butter, one of sugar, one pint of milk and four tablespoonfuls of wheat flour. Mix all together and bake in waffle irons. Serve hot for supper.

RICE COMPOTE.

Boil four tablespoonfuls of rice, until soft, in equal parts of milk and water. Add two teaspoonfuls of butter; two tablespoonfuls of sugar; a pinch of salt; a pinch of cinnamon. Flavor either with the grated rind of a lemon, or a few drops of essence of lemon or vanilla. Build into a wall, around the edge of a deep preserve-dish, and fill in the centre with any fruit that is seasonable; stewed or preserved peaches, pears, plums or figs or prunes; or oranges cut up very fine, the seeds removed, and thickly sugared.

PORK COLLOPS.

Take three or four slices of cold roast pork. Chop fine; add salt and pepper, two tablespoonfuls of butter, add enough hot water to moisten thoroughly; simmer in a saucepan. Toast several slices of bread from which the crust has been removed, sprinkle with hot water and butter thickly. Pour the stewed pork over the slices. Drop an egg, for each slice, into boiling water, and when cooked lift out with a skimmer, and lay on top of the stewed pork.

NUT COOKIES.

Take a cup of the chopped meats of any good nuts; peanuts will do; English walnuts are best. Add one cup sugar; salt to taste; one beaten egg; 2 tablespoonfuls milk; 1-2 teaspoonful cream of tartar, 1-2 teaspoonful saleratus. (Or a good baking powder may be used.) Add the grated rind of a lemon. Thicken with flour until the cookies can be rolled out. Bake in a quick oven.

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Indestructible Stuffed Toys, Free!

WE will send, postpaid, one Doll, one Cat, four Kittens, one Ukeba, and one Elephant, to any one sending fifty cents for two years' subscription to COMFORT, which is full of Prize Stories, and has the largest circulation of any monthly in the world. These wonderful, attractive articles and fast selling goods have been so well advertised, and our distribution is so complete, that further description would seem needless. The Dolls are eighteen inches high, and Kittens full life size. Elephants and Globes as large as can be conveniently handled. Millions of these goods have been sold the past few months from house to house, at Church Fairs, etc.; and agents only need to get samples to judge for themselves which they can handle the most of. Single articles, together with three months' subscription to COMFORT, fifteen cents each. Four Kittens reckoned as one of other articles. Five of any one or assorted articles for fifty cents. One dozen, one dollar, postpaid. They all come in bright Lithograph colors, heavy cards, and are a great success of the World's Fair year. A delight to youth, middle and old age. The only reason of the low price is that people stuff them with cotton, hair, or sawdust, and sew up after receiving, thus they go by mail, postage paid. Order at once if you want to either make money or amuse and instruct the young. One fairly sold over a thousand dolls. Special inducements. Prizes given to those who sell the most this season. Address **COMFORT, Box 412, Augusta, Maine.**



BABY

Nice Holiday Presents.

Four Kittens reckoned as one of other articles. Five of any one or assorted articles for fifty cents. One dozen, one dollar, postpaid. They all come in bright Lithograph colors, heavy cards, and are a great success of the World's Fair year. A delight to youth, middle and old age. The only reason of the low price is that people stuff them with cotton, hair, or sawdust, and sew up after receiving, thus they go by mail, postage paid. Order at once if you want to either make money or amuse and instruct the young. One fairly sold over a thousand dolls. Special inducements. Prizes given to those who sell the most this season. Address **COMFORT, Box 412, Augusta, Maine.**

GIVEN AWAY!

An all Brass Mammoth 4 Draw FIELD TELESCOPE SENT FREE!

Everybody needs to have a nice Telescope, they are a household necessity and a travelers companion. We have a new style all Brass powerful glass, from Berlin. Will send out 1000 free on inspection in order to advertise. Remember they won't cost you one cent only for postal you send your address on. **MORSE & CO., Box 5, Augusta, Maine.** Write today

Everybody needs to have a nice Telescope, they are a household necessity and a travelers companion. We have a new style all Brass powerful glass, from Berlin. Will send out 1000 free on inspection in order to advertise. Remember they won't cost you one cent only for postal you send your address on. **MORSE & CO., Box 5, Augusta, Maine.** Write today

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Every Shut-In who will get up a club of five or more yearly subscribers for COMFORT at twenty-five cents apiece, may send us ten cents for each subscriber, and keep the other fifteen for herself.

The only condition given is that you must furnish satisfactory proof that you are a Shut-In. Get your physician and clergyman, or two other responsible persons, to sign a statement saying they have known you (and how long), that you are an invalid, unable to work, and that you properly belong to the Shut-In Circle.

No club will be received of less than five subscribers, and these must all be sent at one time, together with the amount necessary for the club.

Money may be sent by money-order, postal-note, check, draft, registered-letter, or in postage stamps. Never send money loose in a letter.

Try among your friends, neighbors and relatives. Your children at school or in factories, or your servant-girls among their friends can bring you names of new subscribers. Take it up seriously, as a matter of business, and you will succeed.

All correspondence for this department should be directed to Sunshine Circle, care of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

DEAR FRIENDS:

When I glance at the pile of letters before me and think how many of you are waiting anxiously to see them appear in these columns, I feel as if I must give all the space possible to you and ask you to take for granted all the kind and sympathetic things I would most gladly write to you if COMFORT could spare us double the space. And this reminds me of one thing I must say—please do not send letters which belong by right in the advertising department, for I cannot put them in the "Sunshine Circle." Try to bear in mind that this circle is meant for an interchange of sympathy, and not at all for business purposes. Indeed it would be indirectly wronging the publishers who so kindly give us this valuable space to attempt to use it in that way.

We have exceeded our first intention and allowed requests for other things than reading matter to creep in, but these requests are becoming so very varied and so numerous that we shall, I think, be forced to go back to just reading matter and pieces for fancy work. Requests for stamps come in almost every other letter; it would be impossible to heed them all; and what think you of requests for servants, and for a wife?

Well, dear friends, I must give you the floor, but in order to let as many as possible be heard I must ask you to be very brief—a great deal can often be expressed in a few words. EDITH H. ADAMS, 423 West 8th Avenue, Winfield, Kansas, writes:

"Won't you please put my name in the columns of the 'Sunshine Circle' so that perhaps some other Shut-In may remember me with a letter or some other way? I am 23 years old and have been a helpless invalid all my life. I have never walked, and am too helpless to feed myself. I enjoy reading matter, though some one else has to read to me, as I cannot hold a book. My mother does everything for me though she, too, has delicate health. This is the first time I have sent my name to any such circle, but I feel I shall gain sympathy and love by joining COMFORT'S Shut-Ins."

Mrs. LEGRAND WHALEY, Stump Knob, Tenn., writes:

"I have been a Shut-In for five long years, unable to see after my household cares. I have three children, and it is very trying for my husband to have to work so hard and be unable to help him. I have nothing much to amuse myself and children with, and hope the friends will remember me and send reading matter or anything to pass away the long dreary hours with; also letters would be highly appreciated."

Miss BETTIE FERGUSON, Latham, Baldwin Co., Ala., writes:

"I have taken COMFORT for more than two years and it has been a heap of comfort to me. I have been an invalid a number of years and fear death. I have not been to church for many years. I live in the country where it is very lonely and should be very glad of cheering letters and something to read. I cannot read anything but plain writing. Please remember me in your prayers."

MARCIA F. KING, 820 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo., writes:

"I have been a sufferer but God has given me back my health, and my heart goes out to you all. I have time to devote to you and should esteem it a privilege to send you letters. Let me share with you the sunshine of a loving, hopeful, Christian heart."

Miss EMILY WEEKS, Mosca, Costilla Co., Colo., writes:

"I enjoy reading COMFORT. I have always had poor health, some of the time can hardly walk at all. I do fancy work and I like to read. Won't some one send me some good reading or quilt pieces of any kind? I am a Christian, and don't know what I should do if I didn't have a God to go to in my troubles."

Mrs. SADIE MILLER, Mineral Ridge, Ohio, writes:

"Please say to the many kind readers of the blessed 'Sunshine Circle' that I thank them for the many beautiful books, pictures, papers, and amusing things sent to our invalid daughter Leah. She is much better now. Oh, how many kind hearted people there are in this

beautiful world. We have received many cheering letters from almost every state in the Union, showing how well-beloved COMFORT is. God bless the 'Sunshine Circle' and all COMFORT readers."

Mrs. AMANDA WHITE, Frametown, West Va., writes:

"I am an invalid, very lonely, with no one to care for me, and if the friends that are willing would send me a block of calico 12 inches square for my quilt it would be thankfully received. Should also be happy to receive a letter party on my birthday, the 13th of August."

I wish to say just here to the Shut-Ins that we often receive letters one month asking for letters on the next. Please remember our copy must be prepared for the press three weeks ahead, also that letters must wait their turn, which may not be for three or four months. Can the friends write to Mrs. White now?

DOLORES DE LA PORTILLA, Leon-Gta-Mexico, a constant reader of COMFORT would like to correspond with some one who can write Spanish, and she will send her some things.

Mrs. M. J. SIMMONS, Anthon, Parker Co., Texas, has been a subscriber to COMFORT three years. Her health is very poor and she has long been a Shut-In. She would be very glad of letters.

J. H. OAKES, New River, Tenn., has been afflicted all his life with scrofula and is not able to work. Would be glad to receive letters.

KATIE PATTERSON, Elliott, Mo., a little Shut-In of 13 years, would be thankful for reading matter.

Mrs. M. A. MURPHY, Modest P. O., Clermont Co., Ohio, a cripple, would be glad of reading matter.

Miss EMILY M. WHEATON, North Branford, New Haven Co., Conn., thanks the friends for letters and other tokens of remembrance received on her birthday. She is entirely confined to her bed and never free from pain. She would be very glad of letters or reading matter, but cannot answer letters promptly on account of ill health, or answer at all unless stamps are enclosed, being poor.

JENNIE CRAWFORD, Box 366, Mendon, Mich., has been an invalid three years with disease of the hip. She is only 14, but is trying to bear her affliction patiently.

BENJAMIN C. KNIGHT, Enfield, Halifax Co., N. C., has not walked a step since 1864, birthday, Oct. 21, would be glad of tokens of sympathy.

Miss AGNES A. SIVER, Northville, Wayne Co., Mich., a long suffering Shut-In would be thankful for reading matter or any curios for a COMFORT collection.

JOSEPH EVANS, Woodland, Union Co., Ohio, an invalid unable to walk a step, would like to become a member of COMFORT'S "Sunshine Circle."

Miss LIZZIE LOWE, Rutledge, Grainger Co., Tenn., has been afflicted since childhood with spinal disease, and would be pleased to receive shells or mineral specimens.

Miss S. A. JONES, Bells Depot, Crockett Co., Tenn., LILLIAN GOULD, Box 852, Skowhegan, Maine, LILLIAN FAAS, Leeds, Mass., and GEO. T. STEWART, 1911 So. 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa., all have interesting reading matter they will gladly send to any one who will pay postage for the same. Mrs. E. A. KENNEDY, Golden Rod, Lycoming Co., Pa., will send seeds of vegetables or flowers, and J. G. NOLAN, Cramford, Laurel Co., Ky., will send fossils of ferns if postage is sent with the request.

Thanks for reading matter, letters and other tokens of sympathy are sent from NINA HYER, CLAUD SLOAN, Mrs. S. M. SUTTEN, Mrs. E. TARBELL, T. J. BUNTON (who would like cousin Wee Wee's address), CHAS. T. ZEPF, Melrose, Carroll Co., Md., Box 57, (birthday the 19th of Oct.).

I have taken so much space with your letters, dear friends, I have hardly room to say a closing word. I wonder if a few words from the best of all books, that sometimes comfort me when things go wrong, as they are sure to once in a while with everyone, would comfort you; they are, "Brethren, the time is short." Summer has gone by rapidly, winter we need not dread for that will also soon pass away. So with all our trials; they come, they go, like "shadows passing through the land." Let us bear them sweetly, patiently—it is hard to kick against the pricks—and there is great peace in resignation. Dear suffering ones, whatever be our trials let us strive anew this month for patient, cheerful submission.

SISTER MARGARET.

THE YELLOW KITTEN.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY ALLENE C. WATTS.

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THE studio of a certain French painter there seems to be a dross of yellow cats, or, rather the same cat in portraits innumerable.

A pair of him crown, like an armorial bearing, the doorway; he plays with falling petals of great creamy tea roses; he sleeps while a sparrow eyes him askance; he sits grave as a sphinx, by a cluster of gold-eyed daisies; even a procession of him forms the frieze of the chimney piece, and he peeps between purple pansies

on the Sevres tea service in the corner consecrated to Madame.

Eight years ago Maurice Lenoir dwelt in a garret earning his bread by copying pictures, nourishing his soul with dreams of a great classic canvas of his own. Needless to recount the disillusion, privations rebuffs, or the nervous reactions of the days when he received a few francs.

The unrelieved pressure of poverty, the unremitting blows of ill luck—tap, tap, like a paver's mallet—became unbearable. The thin blood of semi-starvation mounted to his head, creating visions of suicide.

One evening he bought poison. Re-entering his room something soft brushed past his feet. He lighted a candle and began to write a few lines, merely to save trouble at the inquest. Suddenly there sprang upon the table a little buff kitten; it rubbed caressingly against his face.

Evidently a waif, one of the surplus ninefold lives of nobody's cat. It was thin and famished, its wet fur frayed by the jaws of some dog.

"One may be tired of life," said Maurice, "but one does not leave a guest hungry."

With bread and milk, all he had, he fed the kitten; then warmed it within the breast of his coat, where it caressed with its tongue the hand that held it, then purred itself to sleep.

Maurice reflected: "Suicide is the refuge of one who has no longer hopes, ties of affection or responsibilities. In receiving this kitten I have assumed a duty. To place this little creature for warmth upon my heart, and then turn that warmth to ice would be a betrayal. At least I will live until to-morrow."

In the morning the little cat appeared so pretty Maurice painted, and was able to sell its portrait. Another was ordered, and another.

M. Lenoir's pussies became the fashion. He deferred his dream of classic canvas and painted only cats; he divined, under their masks of drowsiness or caprice, the subtle charm and wisdom adored in old Egypt.

The yellow kitten that saved his life also brought him fame and fortune. And M. Lenoir proved not ungrateful; the yellow cat, now patriarch of a tribe, has his cushion of amber velvet, and his saucer in the atelier, and wears a golden collar inscribed, "To My Benefactor."

Driving the Brain

at the expense

of the Body.

While we drive

the brain we

must build up

the body. Ex-

ercise, pure air

—foods that

make healthy flesh—refreshing

sleep—such are methods. When

loss of flesh, strength and nerve

become apparent your physician

will doubtless tell you that the

quickest builder of all three is

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil, which not only creates flesh of and in itself, but stimulates the appetite for other foods.

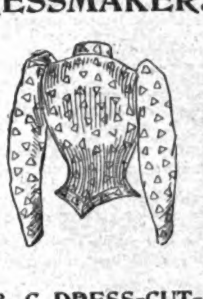
Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

DEAF

PHOSPHOR-OZONIZED AIR cures Deafness, Catarrh, Buzzing Noises, Foul Breath. Book with testimonials from those who were deaf 5 to 35 years free. DAVID EVANS, M.D., 74 Bovilston St., Boston.

EVERY LADY

HER OWN DRESSMAKER.



The COMFORT A, B, C DRESS-CUTTING SYSTEM,

Free, as a Premium.

Easiest to understand. Best and cheapest. Gives the quickest results with least trouble. No figuring. No calculations. No blunders. Most correct shape of any system ever devised.

Every lady can learn more at a glance, using this system, than by many hours' study of others. The first trial will secure its adoption. It is equally valuable in the home or to the regular dressmaker.

Gives full instructions how every girl and woman can make for herself tasteful and well-fitting dresses, waists, and basques with the greatest ease and speed. Most scientific and exact results with the least measuring.

HERE IS WHAT WE GIVE:

One Regulation Size Differential Chart, One Dozen Sheets Pattern Paper, One Well-made Steel Tracing Wheel, One Regular Dressmaker's Tape Measure.

HOW DOES IT LOOK?

It is a heavily mounted chart over two yards long and two feet wide, having the different measurements all lined out for all kinds of garments, with Bust Measures from 25 to 46 inches. You get the Bust Measure of the person you want to cut a garment for and that one being the ONLY measurement required. Now it requires NO DRAFTING, for all the different sizes have been calculated and drafted right on to the chart by experts who have made it a business to come to a piece of COMMON PAPER and tracing along the line with a lead pencil. All you then have to do is to cut your goods by the pattern you have thus manufactured yourself—that is all there is to it. But remember, you will find everything on the chart in shape, style and build of garments you want to use, and if you have old wearing apparel you want to make over into stylish fits, you go by the same system in changing them.

It Costs no More to have a STYLISH FITTING GALEMENT than a poor one, and you actually save 50 per cent on goods by using our system; it has been studied down to such a fine point by experienced draughtsmen. So it requires no mathematical calculations on your part at all (all other systems require a good deal), you just go by the plans all laid out for you. You will find it so SIMPLE, COMPLETE and PERFECT in all its patterns and departments that it can but be acknowledged to be a requisite in EVERY FAMILY, while ALL OTHER CHARTS are so complicated and high-priced that they are entirely worthless to any but the most experienced dressmakers. Ours makes EVERY ONE a dressmaker in ten minutes. (The regular price of charts alone is \$2.00.)

But to every one who will get up a club of six subscribers for COMFORT at 25 cents per year, each in advance, we will send one of these COMFORT Outfits FREE, we paying all express and mailing charges. By showing a copy of COMFORT to your neighbors, friends, and acquaintance, you can easily get up a club in one evening; for COMFORT, with its many improvements and new, original, copyrighted departments, now needs only to be seen to be appreciated. To those who do not care to go to the trouble of getting a club, we will send COMFORT for one year, together with one of these Outfits (all express and mailing charges paid by us) upon receipt of one dollar. This offer holds good for three months only.

Ladies can make lots of money quickly, easily, and pleasantly. Write us at once for terms to agents.

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine



A LONG PROCESSION

of diseases start from a torpid liver and impure blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures every one of them. It prevents them, too. Take it, as you ought, when you feel the first symptoms (langour, loss of appetite, dullness, depression) and you'll save yourself from something serious.

In building up needed flesh and strength, and to purify and enrich the blood, nothing can equal the "Discovery." It invigorates the liver and kidneys, promotes all the bodily functions, and brings back health and vigor. For Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Biliousness, and all Scrofulous, Skin, and Scalp Diseases, it is the only remedy that's guaranteed to benefit or cure, in every case, or the money is refunded.

About Catarrh. No matter what you've tried and found wanting, you can be cured with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. The proprietors of this medicine agree to cure you, or they'll pay you \$500 in cash.

GOLD WATCH FREE

These watches are fully warranted and at retail would cost \$28 to \$30, but to introduce our paper they will be given free. We will give you one without a cent of money from your pocket. Remember, you take no chances—you cannot lose—for we give a watch FREE to every person complying with our offer. If you want one (lady's or gent's) write to us without delay. With your letter send us 50c. postal note for our large 16 page story paper one year and you will receive our offer at once—we send watch by registered mail postpaid. Address ONCE A MONTH CO., 7 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich. Box 463.

Once a Month Co., Gent's—I have received the watch just as you said I would, and I must say I was very much surprised, as it went beyond all my expectations. Jacob Beaz, Toledo, Ohio.

Gentlemen—My gold watch just received, and it is beautiful. It is astonishing how you can give away so fine a watch but you have done precisely as you promised. Mary Anderson, Portland, Oregon.

GIRLS READ THIS!

FREE RINGS.

Do you want one! No.

1. genuine diamond;

No. 2. genuine pearl;

No. 3. solid gold band

beautifully engraved.

All are warranted. We

only ask a few hours'

work introducing our new goods among your friends.

Over 20,000 girls have received presents from us the

past year. Send for our illustrated circular and see all

the premiums we offer. Write at once as we want you

NOW. I. M. Association, 269 Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.

A PIANO FREE

We will give one of our highly finished upright Pianos to the first 100 persons sending us their name and address. We make this grand offer to introduce our pianos, and we will expect every one getting one to show it to their friends; tell them how and where they got it and to recommend our house to them. Write quick. Address, THE WAGNER PIANO CO., 114 Nassau St., New York, N.Y.

LADIES or YOUNG MEN WANTED

to take light pleasant work at their own homes; \$1 to \$3 per day can be quickly made; work sent by mail; no canvassing. For particulars address at once, Globe Mfg. Co., box 5331, Boston, Mass. Established 1880.

RUPTURE CURED

Right at home to stay cured. Illustrated book with hundreds of testimonials sent free (sealed). Dr. HORACE ELSTON TAYLOR CO., Chicago, Ill.

FULL BEARD AND HAIR IN 21 DAYS.



HEAVY MOUSTACHE. Write to Dr. J. C. Williams in 21 days with Prof. Dyke's Hair, ready to use. We mail you a bottle of our hair restorer, with certificate which we guarantee, to advertise in all the 25c. stamps of silver. Simply cost, Smith Med. Co., Palatine, Ill.



Entered at the Post Office at Augusta, Maine,
as second-class matter.

TERMS: 25 cents per year in advance.

Circulation, OVER TWELVE HUNDRED
THOUSAND COPIES. Guaranteed and Proved.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are entered on our books as soon as received,
and are always dated from the current issue, unless otherwise
ordered.

POSTAGE to all parts of the United States and Canada is pre-
paid by us.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. When ordering change in address,
be sure to give former as well as new address. We cannot find
your name on our books unless you do.

PAYERS are only sent up to time paid for in advance. Due
notice given upon expiration of subscriptions.

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Boston Office, 228 Devonshire St. New York Office, Tribune Build'g

Lucky days for October are said to be the 2nd,
10th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 18th, 20th, 21st and 29th;
unlucky ones, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 14th, 16th, 17th, 19th,
23rd, 26th, 27th, 28th and 31st.

The opal is the lucky stone for those born in
October, according to ancient superstition. It
denotes hope, and sharpens the sight of the
possessor of it. This is Queen Victoria's
favorite stone, and she considers it particularly
desirable. According to an old rhyme:

"October's child is born for woe
And life's necessities must know;
But lay an opal on her breast
And hope will lull those woes to rest."

This has been a year of almost unparalleled
disaster, both by land and sea. Railroad acci-
dents, so numerous that it is almost impossible
to enumerate them; loss of ships at sea; large
and seemingly unaccountable fires which have
swept towns and villages; tornadoes, cyclones
and what might be styled an epidemic of mur-
ders and suicides, have made up a record that
would hardly have been believed a year ago, if
it had been prophesied. In fact, however, it
was prophesied. One of the most eminent
astrologers of the age predicted last December
that 1893 would see the death of several emi-
nent statesmen (Blaine, Butler and Hayes);
the sickness of the President of the United
States; and a remarkable crop of disasters
both by sea and land. Many skeptics did not
believe him then; but no one thinks of deny-
ing the truth of his predictions now.

There are many curious things about this
ancient science of astrology; and every reader
of Comfort, whether he believes in it or not,
will be interested in the predictions we shall
present in the near future.

Every reader of Comfort has enjoyed our ac-
count of Lieut. Peary's second start for the
North Pole, and will be interested to know
that he has reached the place on the coast of
Greenland where he is to make his home for
the winter. Although it is farther north than
any point ever reached by any white person
before, and nearer that end of the earth's su-
posable axis which is termed the North Pole
than the Esquimaux usually live, nearly a hun-
dred of them have moved their goods and chat-
tels, and settled around his comfortable little
house; so that he will not be without plenty of
neighbors, and friendly, kind-hearted ones,
too. In spite of newspaper dispatches to the
contrary, Lieut. Peary has four times as many
dogs as he had in 1891-1892, and more than any
explorer on Smith Sound ever had before; the
exact number of them being eighty-four. He
has seventy-five or eighty reindeer and a very
large amount of walrus meat stored away for
winter. He is better armed than before. He is
pleasantly settled with plenty to eat and to
keep him and his numerous family warm and
comfortable. His prospects were never so
bright before. May they winter happily, and
his coming discoveries be in proportion to the
remarkably good success that has so far at-
tended his journey into the White North. In-
deed, may he bring back to us a real, bona-fide
sample of the North Pole itself.

The fate of Emin Pasha, the great African
Explorer, interests the whole world. For
twenty months nothing had been heard from
him until the latter part of August when re-
liable news came that he had been killed and
eaten by cannibals near Lake Victoria Nyanza.
To add to the inhumanity of the action, it was
done by a son of Tanganyika, the old friend of
Dr. Livingstone, who was first to tread the in-
terior wilds of Africa. Emin Pasha, as he was
commonly known, was a German—Edward
Schnitzer by name. He was a scientific man,
and the chief purpose of his life for fifteen
years past has been to extend the German ter-
ritories in Africa and add to the limited knowl-
edge of that strange and difficult continent.
A part of that time he was with Stanley, but
late he has been at the head of caravans of his
own, having for his main purpose the desire to
cross Africa through the unknown belt north
of the Congo basin, visiting Lake Tchad, pro-
moting Germany's interests in regions still un-
appropriated, and emerging at the Cameroons
on the west coast. His design was not author-
ized by the German Government, but if he had
succeeded all his eccentricities would have
been forgotten in the brilliancy of his con-

quests. As it is, his record and achievements
are something remarkable. Wholly cut off
from civilization for five years, he yet main-
tained firm control over a great territory, kept
the natives at peace, and made them helpful;
and by promoting agriculture, and the making
of cloth, leather, and other manufactures
among his thousands of Egyptian dependents,
he secured for them comparative comfort.
Amid all his onerous duties, this man of thor-
ough scientific instincts and training inces-
santly pursued his studies. His researches
were made in many fields, and to botany alone
he contributed more new species than any
other African explorer except Schweinfurth.
If it is true that he has been eaten by canni-
bals—and there seems hardly a doubt of it at
the present writing—one of the most horrible
wrongs to civilization ever committed has been
perpetrated.

In view of the recent hard times and string-
ency in the money market, it may be well to
note the fact that a majority of the endowment
orders and so-called benefit-associations have
gone to the wall, and millions of dollars, taken
by them from the pockets of hard-working
people, are locked up in the hands of receivers
to-day. It is now some years since these "Ben-
efit Orders," "Helping Hands," "Protective
Leagues," etc., were started. They began with
nothing but high-sounding titles, imposing
lists of names, and most seductive of all,
promises to pay the trusting depositor \$10, or
thereabouts, for ever \$1 paid in. They printed
elaborate sets of rules in most cases, requiring
guaranties that the depositor should pay in a
certain amount of money every month or every
quarter, with provisos for assessment at any
time when they seemed necessary to the "gov-
erning board." For instance, by paying in \$20,
approximately, annually for five years, with as-
sessments extra, the depositor was guaranteed,
in return, that at the end of five years, he
should draw out \$1,000, unless he had previ-
ously drawn out something in case of sick-
ness, which amount should be deducted from
his \$1,000. For—and here perhaps the benefit
part really did come in—if the depositor fell ill
and could furnish a written physician's certi-
ficate to that effect—he might draw out \$20 a
week until he had drawn \$100; and the deposi-
tor who was fortunate enough to be ill, got
back at least what he put in. But those who
were so unfortunate as to keep well got nothing
back; for within the past year, the courts, and
in some cases the legislatures, in various States,
have closed up many of these concerns, stamp-
ing them, as they deserved, as gigantic
swindles. In Massachusetts especially—the
"good old Bay State," the home of the Puritans,
and formerly the Pink of Propriety—have these
frauds and swindles flourished. As usual in
such cases, the victims have been largely
women and young girls—dressmakers, clerks,
sewing-women, teachers, even, (who ought to
know their arithmetics better than to suppose
they could increase \$1 to \$10 legally in five
years) took money from their scanty earnings
to put into this new fashion of lotteries. Three
million dollars, which ought to be in circula-
tion, now of all times in the world, have been
for several months locked up in the receivers
hands in Massachusetts alone. Once more has
the impossibility of creating something from
nothing been proved. The mourners are num-
erous and their grief sharp and bitter. But
they are slowly but surely digesting the sad
truth that the best way to make money is to
earn it honestly.

The First Little Lady in the Land.

Copyright, 1893, by The Gannett & Morse Concern.



NE of the most im-
portant domestic
events of the year
happened in the
White House at
Washington, Sep-
tember 9th, at pre-
cisely noon—which
was the exact mo-
ment when, for the
first time, a child
was born in the Ex-
ecutive Mansion to
the President of the
United States. Babies
have been born there
before; but never has
a President's baby
opened its eyes there
for the first time,
until the above date.
The birth of a child
in any family brings
forth expressions of
good will from every
one acquainted with
the parents; but when, as in this
case, the Executive
of a great nation receives an addition to his
family in his official home, it is only natural
that millions of fathers and mothers through-
out the country should regard the occurrence
with quick interest, and vivid sympathy. And
so Comfort, in behalf of its five million regu-
lar readers, offers a hearty and much-multi-
plied welcome to the first little lady in the
land. A sturdy democracy like ours wastes no
thought nor attention upon the President's
daughter, such as is given to infant princelings
in monarchical countries. In fact, Mrs. Cleve-
land, herself, would not claim that her baby is
one whit better than the tiniest and poorest
Comfort child on the ground that she is a
White House baby; although like all Comfort
mothers she probably loves her own the best.
Every woman will be glad to know that Mrs.
Cleveland made all the new baby's clothes her-
self, although she employed a fine seamstress
to cut them out. They are very simple in de-
sign. The body of the petticoats is cut in the
same piece as the skirts. Nearly all are shirred
at the neck and fall in one long sweep a yard
below baby's pink toes. The making of such
skirts was very simple. Mrs. Cleveland had
only to gather them at the neck with a silk

ribbon, and hem them around the bottom with
a fancy stitch in floss. These dresses are
neatly made of white, washable silk. The
afternoon dresses are finished at the hem with
a scallop and a tracing of white silk. The fine
dresses have a deep embroidery upon the skirt,
and the waists are also embroidered. The
christening robe is a mass of soft silk em-
broidered with a ruffle of embroidered chiffon
veiling the skirt. There are twenty pairs of
shoes, made at home of fine, white chamois
skin embroidered with white floss.

All these things are pleasant to know be-
cause they give us a glimpse of the home life
in the Executive Mansion. "One touch of
nature makes the whole world kin"; and there
is no sweeter "touch of nature," nor one that
reduces all womankind to the common level of
maternity and home love, so quickly, nor so
surely, as a little baby.

A Story of The Indian Massacre.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

Copyright, 1893, by The Gannett & Morse Concern.



I was a clear, bright
morning in the month
of August, 1882, the year
of the Great Indian
Massacre in Minnesota.
The woods were full of
birds that were singing
as though there was
nothing but sunshine
and summer in the
world. In a few acres
of clearing in the big
woods, not far from the
Minnesota river, stood
a comfortable log house
the home of Mike Hay-
den and his small family, consisting of himself, wife
and two small children aged six months and two
years. On the morning on which our story opens
Mike was milking under the shade of a large elm
tree and talking to himself as he was apt to do when
alone. "Sure, and this is a fine country, I'm after
coming to," he said, "with its big woods and rich
land. Sure and O'it be ather sinding for theould
folks if O'it prosper so well another year." At the
same time his wife, Mattie, was busy getting break-
fast in the house. She paused in her work to look
out at the bright world outside, at the fast ripening
corn, the yellow stubble, and green woods. She
hummed a tune, but suddenly stopped and looked
anxious. A smoke was rising over the woods. Could
the woods be on fire? Surely not when they were so
green. At once she thought of the Indians. Could
it be they had broken out at last?
As she stood wondering, she saw a horse running
down the road. She recognized the rider as a young
German living about six miles away.
"Fly to the fort, for your lives," he cried, as he
drew rein. "The red devils are on the warpath mur-
dering and burning everything in their way. They
will soon be here. Father has gone with the rest of the
family and sent me to warn all who did not know of
it."

He rode away to warn others, and Mrs. Hayden,
with a white, scared face, ran to tell her husband.
"Gather up a few things that we will need, get the
babies ready and we will start as soon as I can get
the horses out," was her husband's directions.
He started to the yard for the horses when he
heard a horrible yell, and saw fifty or more Indians
coming down the road in hideous war-paint and
feathers, brandishing their tomahawks and guns, and
yelling like so many demons.

Mike Hayden had always been the Indians' friend,
feeding them when hungry and warming them when
cold, but he knew that a Sioux Indian on the war-
path cared neither for friend nor foe. They are all
one to him. He kills and destroys everything in his
way.

A great deal quicker than it takes to tell this, Mike
Hayden had sprang into the house, and catching up
the oldest child and telling his wife to bring the baby
and follow him, he started for the woods.
Mattie ran in a straight course, but as her husband
swerved a little to one side he was seen by the In-
dians, and instantly was riddled with bullets and
arrows. The child in his arms being killed at the
first shot.

Mrs. Hayden reached the woods without being seen
by the Indians, and crouching behind some bushes
she saw them set the house on fire, and after scalp-
ing her husband and child threw their bodies into
the flames. "The evidently thought she was some-
where around the house, as they were looking about
in every place, and whooping like mad. It seemed
as though she could not find strength to move, but
the baby must not fall into the hands of those fiends,
so keeping well out of sight she succeeded in reach-
ing a ravine two or three miles from home, and get-
ting in between an overhanging bank and a wild
grapevine, concealing herself from view, she tried to
keep her senses and to keep the baby quiet.
Once she heard Indians talking on the bank above,
but they passed on.

For two days and nights she stayed in her hiding
place, not daring to stir for fear of being seen by the
Indians and suffering terribly with hunger and cold,
as a cold, drizzling rain set in the first night. On the
third morning she left her hiding place, and more
dead than alive started for some place, she cared not
much where—anything was better than death by
starvation. She traveled on, hiding behind logs and
bushes at every sound until near night, when she
came to the road. Soon she heard a noise and as it
drew near she saw it was the stage carrying the mail
and accompanied by a detachment of United States
cavalry. She staggered to her feet and cried out,
"Help me for the love of God!"

She was so torn and wet and dirty it was hard to
tell her from a squaw, but she was helped inside the
stage where she fainted. It was thought, for a time,
help had come too late, but a couple of ladies in the
stage took charge of her and the poor half-famished
child, and she soon recovered sufficiently to take
what nourishment was available, and was soon safe
in the fort. But a long siege of brain fever set in and
it was months before Mattie Hayden was able to care
for herself and child. She never went back to the
home where she had seen such terrible suffering, but
went to relatives in an eastern city, and in new
scenes tried to forget her terrible experience. She
was only twenty-three when the above events hap-
pened, but after she suffered so, her hair turned white
as snow and remained so. Her story is only one of
the many who suffered through the Sioux Indians in
the summer of 1882.

HOME HINTS.

Apply raw egg to a cut.

Try stewed fruit and hot milk for dyspepsia.

Hot water is good for sprains, and hot lemonade
for a cold.

A teaspoonful of borax dissolved in water and
rubbed well into the scalp is an excellent tonic for
the hair.

Make a pad about two feet long of pieces of old bed
comforters, to stand on when ironing. It will save
much fatigue.

Soiled bed-ticks may be cleaned by rubbing them
thickly in starch with a wet cloth. Put them in the
sun to dry, and then rub thoroughly with the hand.
Repeat, if necessary.

A dry sponge, sprinkled with sugar and left on a
closet shelf where ants are troublesome, will gather
them in a short time. Then drop the sponge quickly
into boiling water.

This is said to be an excellent remedy for earache:
Take a pinch of black pepper on a bit of cotton
batting, dip in sweet oil and insert in the ear. Tie a
silk handkerchief or flannel band over the ear to
keep it warm.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy,
Mrs. Winslow's SORROWING SYRUP for children
teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums,
allays pain, cures wind colic and is the best.

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8. Owners and article have the highest endorsements.
9. To get particulars and free samples you must act today.
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The
Chance
Of a Lifetime.



EDITOR'S NOTE. The following rules govern the publication of matter in this department.

Contributors must without exception be regular subscribers to *Comfort*, and every contribution must bear the writer's own name and post office address in full.

Original letters only, which deal with matters of general interest will be published. They must be as brief, plain and correct as the writers can make them and may vary in length from one hundred to four hundred words. Only letters of exceptional merit and interest may reach 650. Contributors must write on one side of their paper only.

Every month a number of prize monograms composed of the writer's initials, will be awarded to those sending the best contributions. These monograms, which will be most desirable ornaments for stationery, cards, etc., will be printed in connection with the respective letters, and new electrotypes of same will be mailed, post paid, to the prize winners.

\$10 CASH PRIZES \$10

In addition to the foregoing, the following cash prizes will be paid monthly:

1st. For the best original letter	\$3.00
2nd. " " second best original letter,	2.50
3rd. " " third " " "	2.00
4th. " " fourth " " "	1.50
5th. " " fifth " " "	1.00

Competitors for these monthly cash prizes must comply with all the above rules, and in addition must bring at least one new cousin into the *Comfort* circle; that is, they must send one new subscriber with each letter, together with 25 cents for a yearly subscription.

These cash prizes will be announced monthly in this department.

All communications must be addressed to Aunt Minerva, care of *COMFORT*, Augusta, Maine.

Prize Monogram Winners for October.

C. C. Malone, Lotta A. Weaver,
Herbert E. Barrows, Cora E. Bailey,
Florence E. Hogan, E. F. Ross,
Mary E. Cole, Abigail L. Squire.

DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES:

While it is a great pleasure to conduct this department and receive letters from so many dear Cousins all over this "land of the free," the awarding of prizes is anything but a pleasure! You seem astonished at this. Well, you need not go far for the reason; in fact, it can be given in a nutshell.

While I would like to give hundreds of cash prizes, feeling that so many Cousins merit them, I can, under our published offer, give but four! Don't you see the difficulty of my position? I assure you it hurts me more than it will disappoint any of you, to seem to slight anybody. I confess I have been guided partially by the real merit of letters themselves, and partially by the evidences I have had of genuine work on the part of the competitors. For instance, certain of the Cousins have not been content with sending in one good letter; but have sent two and three apiece, with the requisite number of subscribers and sometimes more, with each. I did not think it fair to overlook this fact. Again some of the letters sent in have been excellent and well-written; but their interest was rather local than general; that is, they treated of something that would interest only a few out of our five million readers. You must remember that a paper which goes into one million, two hundred and twenty-one thousand homes must treat of things broadly, and of topics that interest the largest number possible. I regret to add, too, that a few, only a few, are not original; they write on subjects we have already treated, or else borrow their ideas from some one else. As our friend, Mr. Kinsaboy would say, it is not wise to mix up honor, honesty, and hard-pan-common-sense, with dishonesty, disorder and dishonesty.

Well, you are waiting to hear the awards. I hope you will all agree, on looking over the letters of the past few months, that they are all richly deserved. As I said, I am only sorry that hundreds more deserving Cousins cannot be remembered too.

To Edward H. Ziska, 448 Jessie St., San Francisco, Cal., for letters on the Yosemite and California, first prize of \$10 cash; already published.

To Miss Amy L. Swift, Whitman, Mass., for letter on whale fishing, second prize, \$7.50; already published.

To Mrs. C. C. Malone, Hudsonville, Miss., letter on Mexico in this number, third prize \$5.

To Mrs. I. C. King, Oswego, Kansas, letters published heretofore and in this issue, fourth prize of \$2.50.

We will lead off this month with Mrs. Malone's letter, which is exceedingly well-written, and will interest you all. She furnished the illustration, and I commend both style and matter to your intelligent study.

"Having seen nothing from Mexico, I thought a description of a trip once taken through a portion of that promising, though as yet undeveloped country, might prove of interest. I was en route to San Luis Potosi, my future home. There is not much to be seen from Laredo to Monterey, the country being rather barren, but as you near Monterey it becomes exceedingly rich, and is under a high state of cultivation. It is an attractive sight, the country all laid out in gardens, the irrigating streams running all through them, and the products coming up in long green rows. The scenery between Monterey and Saltillo is perfectly grand, and has to be seen to be appreciated. The distance is about

sixty-five miles, and it is straight up-grade, requiring two large locomotives to pull a train of twelve cars up it. It is one immense mountain after another, some covered with undergrowth, some barren, some receding from the track, and some apparently projecting over it, all making one feel very insignificant, as he winds around and between them, on a little narrow-gauge railroad car. Some of them are nothing but layer upon layer of immense rocks. The train stopped for an hour or two at the old historic town of Saltillo, and we went on a tour of investigation and saw many strange things, but I have only space to mention one; one street had a small stream of water running down one side of it, and lined from one end to the other with women washing. The little stream and all connected with it, looked so novel in the streets of a town, we concluded to spend our time finding its source. After coming to the end of the street, and winding around a mountain at the back of the town, we found the spring from which it came near the top of the mountain. It was a large basin of clear, limpid water, about four feet deep, ten feet long, and six feet wide. There was a house below the spring, through which the stream flowed. The water is confined to its course down the mountain, and often breaks into falls, formed by artificial ditches.

From the main stream, branches run all over the town, so arranged as to increase or diminish the supply of water as required. We went down the mountain

by a different path, leading, when it became a street, more through the center of the town. We saw some beautiful gardens, flowers, trees and curious native plants, but the buildings are quite poor. We left Saltillo about 5 P.M., went up-grade about twenty miles, then down, down, down, to the famous level plains of the Sierra Madre. Going down those mountains that night the scene was the most weird, novel and picturesque I ever saw. It was a beautiful moonlight night. Those sombre, silent mountains raising themselves grandly in the clear moonlight, keeping their long, long watch—now close, now afar—awoke many fantastic and weird thoughts in me, travelling



thoughts accompanying it, left a sad, but a most beautiful picture on the walls of memory. About noon next day we arrived in San Luis Potosi. Of that quaint and lovely city, I could tell you many interesting things, but have not space this time.

Mrs. C. C. Malone, Hudsonville, Miss.

The following letter deserves particular mention, for its good style, and its most interesting matter. I think very few people knew before that skunks could be tamed and kept safely about the premises; although we ought to know that they only use their natural weapon (a most effective one) when provoked or threatened. Kindness will win the fiercest animals, and I am sure this young Cousin has a kind heart:

"I am fourteen years old, and I would like to tell the *COMFORT* Cousins about my two pet cats. They are pole-cats. They are four months old, and are about the size of common cats at that age. They are just alike and all black, excepting a white cap on the head. They are very tame, and I handle them and stroke their backs as I do our other cats. They run up and down their pen and play together like kittens. Sometimes I put my yellow kitten in with them and they all play together. Our other cats spit and growl so when I take them to the pen that I do not dare to put them in; for I think you all know that a skunk when frightened or angry is a very unsavory animal. If you are gentle and kind with them they will not make themselves disagreeable. They eat Johnny-cake and milk now, but when they are older they may have meat and fish, also. It would make them have fits to feed them with meat while they are so young; but they dig in the ground and get worms to eat. Their pen is about nine feet long and four wide. The boards which form its sides are sunk in the ground about a foot, so that they can't dig out, and the top is covered with fine wire netting, that they may not climb up and get out that way. At one end of the pen is a covered box partly filled with hay for them to sleep in. I paid \$2 for my pair of skunks. I bought them of a man who has a skunk farm in Connecticut. He had nearly a hundred when I got mine. He had a quarter of an acre fenced off for them to run in, and all about this space were placed boxes or nests in which they slept and had their young. One of the old skunks would go out, or for his nest, as his master told him. Another was so tame that it let him go into the house just as the house cat did. We were a little shy about going inside the skunk's enclosure, but the man told us there was no danger, so we went, and the pole-cats behaved beautifully. This man keeps them for their skins, which are quite valuable. The best furs, which are the blackest, bring \$1.35 apiece, and as they breed fast, he finds it quite profitable."

HERBERT E. BARROWS, Plainville, Norfolk Co., Mass.

Here is an entertaining and instructive description of the peanut:

"The peanut is an annual plant with long, hairy pinnate leaves, which have four leaflets. They are grown in all warm climates. It flourishes in light, sandy, but fertile soil. The flowers are yellow veined with red. After flowering, the flower stalks lengthen and bend towards the earth into which the pods penetrate and ripen underground. The pods are lined with a kind of net-work, and contain from two to four seeds, which are generally about the size of a hazel-nut of a kind of sweet taste. Sometimes eaten raw, but usually boiled or roasted. The roots of the plant have qualities resembling the licorice, for which it is sometimes used. The herbage is good for cattle. The chief importance of the plant is owing to the fixed oil which it contains. This oil is used for the same purposes as olive oil, either for lamps or table use. It is utilized in Spain in the manufacture of soap, and of chocolate. A bushel of the seed yields about a gallon of oil. It is an important article of commerce. The seeds are dug up as roots usually are. The plant was introduced from Peru to Spain and then into France. It is now grown in the middle of France, where it is sown after all danger of frost is over."

FLORENCE E. HOGAN, 50 Woodruff Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

We have published and illustrated one letter from the following Cousin, whom we think justly entitled to the fourth prize, and we gladly submit the following:

"I thought I would write again of our own beautiful State, Sunny Kansas, with its soft Italian skies, its fields of golden wheat, its green waving corn and trees loaded with luscious fruit. It is indeed beautiful to behold. From the first of May till December, Southern Kansas cannot be surpassed in beauty. It is true, we have our droughts, our high winds, but no cyclones; our hot summers and cold winters; and though we grumble at them all as we are passing through them, they are all forgotten when we gaze on Nature's beautiful handiwork. Poor Kansas is rather under a cloud just now, owing to the very naughty behavior of her legislators last winter; but it is scarcely fair that the State should suffer in public opinion for the actions of a few green-horns and sore-heads who were fighting to see which party could be the biggest toad in the puddle. Many have left this locality in the past few years to look for homes elsewhere, but nearly all have drifted back to their first love, Colorado, California, Oregon, Arizona and New Mexico have all been tried without proving satisfactory. The Kansas Editorial Association once gave its members an excursion, starting from Winfield, Kansas, and running to Chihuahua, Mexico. There were three sleepers and two passenger coaches, and nearly all carried large lunch baskets which they replenished at the large towns where they occasionally took a meal. The train ran on its own time, and had the right of way the whole trip. It stopped at La Puebla, Las Vegas (and dined at the famous Monterrey Hotel that afterwards burned down), Albuquerque, Trinidad, El Paso, and finally reached Chihuahua, spending a day and night there. It was a grand trip and very much enjoyed, taking

two weeks. The ascents and descents of these magnificent mountains, and their rugged scenery, were something to remember forever, but it was all so barren and sandy and desolate looking, devoid of all verdure, that the travellers concluded they would not exchange one green acre in Sunny Kansas for all the country we were passing through. On the homeward route, when they again caught sight of the lovely gardens and green fields of dear old Kansas, their hearts leaped with joy. Yes, Kansas has borne a bad name in the past, and is not too highly spoken of at present, unfortunately; but it is nevertheless a most beautiful State, quite as advanced in refinement, cultivation, fine dwellings and business houses as the older States. But, as the long epistles are to be consigned to the waste-basket, I must cease singing her praises and close with, *Adieu*!"

I. C. KING, Box 464, Oswego, Kansas.

A vast prairie fire must be a grand sight—much more grand and beautiful at a distance. Only those who have experienced its dangers, however, can truly appreciate them:

"It was late in May, 1893. The drought was severe. One Saturday evening while looking toward the mountains in hopes of seeing a rain-cloud, we saw instead a cloud of smoke, but it caused little alarm; for we knew that for fifty miles in that direction there was no place that a human being called home. The wind changed in the night, however, and Sunday morning disclosed the fact that the fire was nearing us. Breakfast over, the first one to go to the door started us with the exclamation: 'The fire is upon us.' Absolution hastened to meet it at the nearest point, only to find that our one neighbor had been fighting it single-handed for an hour. Soon wagons were on the road laden with plows and barrels. Solitary horsemen appeared from every part of the settlement and sped toward the scene. Windmills were loosened from their fetters and chattered their willingness to assist in the work of the hour. Horses plowed the line for four or five miles, others were urged to their utmost hauling water, with no time to offer the jaded animals a drop of the precious liquid; while men fought the front of the fire with wet cloths, hoping to prevent its crossing the arroya. High noon arrived with the mercury 85 degrees in the shade; miniature trees stood upon quivering lakes, but none heeded the mocking mirage for they hoped soon to gain the mastery. Mercedes and I commenced the preparation of coffee and sandwiches for the overworked men, and no better opportunity being offered, we pressed into our service a horse and buggy, both on the superannuated list. As we approached we found the fortune of the day changed, but the men still working furiously. They signalled us to get out of the way and soon began the stampede, while the fire snatched at their beard and clothing, and the horses barely escaped with singeing fetlocks. We hastened toward our little plantation of green trees, wondering if the greedy fire would demand it as a sacrifice. Soon the wind lulled and hope revived. Late in the afternoon the victory was so nearly won as to allow the men to stop for lunch, and the tagging horses were allowed to drink. Scouts were sent over the burnt district and reported the fire vanquished. The fiery sun sank beyond the blackened plain, as the weary men sought their homes. Soon the blackness of night settled down and all was silent save the plaintive notes of the prairie owl. 'Eh-oh-o. Eh-oh-o!' which perhaps meant much the same as the story repeated in many an other humble home that night, and might have been interpreted all well."

MARY E. COLE, Springfield, Colorado.

The ways of God's tiniest creatures are often very curious and instructive. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, and be wise," is as good advice to-day as it was in King Solomon's time:

"One night while working in my flower beds, I witnessed the most interesting incident of its kind I ever saw. The garden has stones around it for a border, and as I was pulling the grass and weeds between them, I lifted up a stone which had not been disturbed for a long time, and under it I found, I should say, several hundred little white things about as large around as a pin and about one-fourth of an inch long, and running around them was about one-fourth as many little red ants. Upon closer inspection I discovered the white things to be their eggs. But the most interesting part was watching those little ants carrying off their eggs. There were several small holes in the ground, which I suppose were their homes, and just as fast as they could run with their bulky load, they would carry the eggs into the holes. I watched them for fully ten minutes. At the last, they worked slower as I tired, but would not stop until every egg was safely deposited in their houses. How faithfully they worked until all was completed. A great many times they would tumble down and drop their precious burden, but they did not give up. They would get up and start on again, not seeming to mind anything about it."

LOTTA A. WEAVER, P. O. Box 496, Warren, Mass.

Here comes a Cousin with a funny story to tell:

"I thought I would like to tell the Cousins the 'little joke' we have on our hotel keeper. Having but one hotel in our small village and consequently no overcharge. Some time ago our 'City Physician' on leaving the hotel after one of his periodical visits, was surprised to see on his bill this item: '\$3 for wine.' 'Wine,' gasped the doctor, who was a staunch temperance man, 'why, I never touched a drop of wine.' 'Can't help it,' replied Mr. Jones, 'it was there on the table; you might have had it.' 'The doctor paid the money, but inwardly resolved to 'get even.' Accordingly on his next visit, when about to leave, he handed Mr. Jones a bill for five dollars for medicine for Mrs. and Miss Jones. He (Mr. Jones) paid the money grumbling, that 'he didn't know there was anything the matter with them. But that was just the way with women. They were always buying things they did not need at all.' The doctor had not proceeded far when he was hailed by Mr. Jones, who exclaimed: 'The women say they did not get any medicine; that you did not give them a thing.' Said the doctor, 'I can't help that. It was there in my valise. They might have had it.' For once our voluble landlord had not a word to say, but re-entered his bar-room amid the jeers and laughter of the bystanders."

CORA E. BAILEY, Bridgeville, Humboldt Co., Cal.

Here is an amusing extract from a very long letter: "While sitting on the veranda of the spacious hotel in the little Maine town of A—, enjoying a quiet smoke, I became very much interested in the conversation of some sportsmen who had just returned from a pleasure trip to C— Pond, a beautiful sheet of water about seven miles from the village, and while listening to their wonderful tales of big catches of fish and feathered bipeds, I determined to try my luck the coming morning as a sportsman. It was a delightful morning when I started, and I merrily followed the little stream through the centre of the fertile valley, entering the forest about two miles distant, where I found great sport hunting and fishing. I had come prepared to stay all day, and to camp out at night. I enjoyed myself until dark, but with the early twilight merging into darkness a sense of loneliness came over me, and I realized for the first time that I was alone in the heart of a wild unsettled region. A saucy owl, perched upon a tree directly in front of the camp, flapped his wings and impudently greeted me with, 'Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-er you,' as if he anticipated the pleasure of chasing my evening repast. By this time my camping out fever had entirely abated. The stillness became oppressive, and at last, terrified by the dismal weird cry of the loon, I groped my way out into the

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unbroken wilderness which separated me from the outer world. The crooked path crossed and recrossed the river frequently and was easily lost; and after wandering back and forth in vain, I came to a huge log which spanned the river, and carefully crawling over its slippery surface on my hands and knees, I struck the trail on the other side. As I hurried along through the dense forest, fearful of being clasped in the arms of some grim monster, every bush seemed to rustle, and I fancied I heard the steady tramp, tramp, of some heavy animal stealthily approaching behind me. I stopped to listen! Yes, there it was again! Directly behind me! Turning quickly, I saw two bright eyes like balls of fire gleaming from the darkness. Almost transfixed with terror, I clutched my gun, tremblingly pulled the trigger, and with a terrific "gee-whizz-bang" poured the contents of my double-barreled shotgun into the gleaming eyeballs of the midnight prowler. Then, with fleeing footsteps, I dashed along in my mad career, up hills, down hollows, never faltering, hardly breathing, until the monarchs of the forest were left far behind, and I was in my own comfortable room at the hotel. I was perfectly content to tarry there the remainder of my vacation and confine my enjoyments to the limits of the village. Afterwards I learned who my stealthy follower of that eventful night was. What do you think? He was only an immense hedgehog, whose head I had unmercifully blown to atoms in my desire to rid myself of his unwelcome presence."

E. F. Ross, 147 Chatham St., Lynn, Mass.

Now there is just room for this little description of the new Mormon Temple, written by a Utah Cousin:

"Mormon Temple, at Salt Lake City, which was dedicated April 8th to April 20th, 1893, is built of granite, and covers an area of 21,560 feet. The walls are 167 1-2 feet in height, 186 1-2 feet in length, and 99 feet in width. There are six towers. The middle east tower is 210 feet high, surmounted by a statue of the Angel Moroni heralding to the world the restoration of the gospel, a giant figure 12 feet, 5 inches high, gilded with pure gold leaf. Surmounting this crown is an incandescent lamp of one hundred candle power. The height of the central west tower is 204 feet. The east towers represent the President and his two counselors, and the west towers the presiding bishop and his two counselors. Each tower is provided with electric lights. The building is completely fitted up with electric light, a system of hot water heating, and perfect ventilation. Electric buttons throw open transoms in various rooms and start sixteen fans, each of one-half horse power. The building is absolutely fire-proof, and at the top of the southwest tower is a reserve tank, with a capacity of 7,000 gallons of water to be used in case of fire. The inner decorations of the Temple represent the history of the Bible. There are four floors, containing the basement, divided into rooms of varying sizes. The upper, or assembly room, being 120 feet long, 80 feet wide, and 36 feet high, has a seating capacity, including the gallery, of nearly 3,000 persons. The marble tiled baptismal room in the basement is very grand and impressive. The capacious bronze font rests upon the backs of twelve life-sized bronze oxen, a reminder of a like feature in the Solomon's Temple. This large room has a pavement and base of fine white marble. The corner stone of the building was laid April 6th, 1893, forty years having elapsed before its completion. The cost of this structure was about \$4,000,000."

Amant, L. Squares, Frisco, Beaver Co., Utah.

In addition to these letters, I desire to mention some others which would have been used this month if we could occupy all the space we want; and which reflect credit on the writers. Among them are:

Hettie V. Page, Russell, Miss., description of a thunder storm; Luther E. Long, Shady Nook, Kentucky, description and history of Kentucky; Amy L. Hallenbeck, Seattle, Wash., a description of Gloversville, N. Y., where gloves are made; M. Elizabeth Gates, Wakefield, Kansas, good letter on Fort Riley, already described in COMFORT; Julia F. Betts, Smithwick, So. Dakota, description of "Wind Cave"; Leander Harmon, French Lick, Ind., a neatly written description of the French Lick Springs—saline springs, so named because they were famous "licking places" for cattle; Pauline Kafka, Lenox, Iowa, historical description of Iowa discovered in 1542 by De Soto, claimed by La Salle in 1682 and settled, 1788-1833; Charles H. Pettigill, Meadville, Penn., sends very good description of that town, and Harry F. Wood, North Springfield, Vt., a short letter on inland boxes; Miles Brand, North Pomona, Cal., writes interestingly of the orange crop in California; F. H. Baxter of Watsonville, California, sends a letter on beet-sugar; J. E. DuMoyer, Lancaster, Ill., tells something about the part of his State known as "Egypt"; Arthur S. Pope, Delta, Cal., describes California and its history; T. J. Callaghan, Bandon, Coos Co., Oregon, does the same thing by Oregon, both letters treating of matters already given space here; E. E. Rogers, Elgin, Kansas, sends description of Osage Indians and their dances; F. D. McMahon, Hartford City, Indiana, a not very lucid description of a paper mill.

That our prize monograms are appreciated by those who are so fortunate as to win them, is being constantly attested by Cousins from all parts of the world. For instance, a letter lies before me now from a young man high in the employ of one of the most prominent railroads, whose letter appeared a month or two ago, which says:

"I am in receipt of the monogram so kindly sent me, and beg to thank you for the same. As I have a small press, I can make good use of it. Wishing you success, I am, Yours truly,"

W. J. Brown,

Fairmount Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Of course you have all read the monthly cash-prize offer. Announcements of awards will be begun next month. Don't forget to comply with all the regulations. Read the offer again carefully, and then, do your best to get as many of your friends, acquaintances and neighbors as possible, to join the Cousins' Circle,

AUNT MINERVA.

THE HAUNTED CHURCH.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY ALLEINE C. WATTS.

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It was an old country church built close to the road, and the little graveyard lay just behind it. A terribly wicked old man had died and was buried there, among several generations of the faithful, and it was generally thought that he disliked the idea of having his heathen dust mingle with the Christian ashes—for the church was haunted; and who, of all that were sleeping there, should find the grave uneasy, if not the old sinner? Why he chose the church for his ghostly habitation, was a question over which heads were so solemnly shaken, since never, in his mortal days, had he been known to enter it. Somebody ventured to give as their opinion, that the old man's was a reckless, wilful spirit that did pretty much as it liked, and selected the church just to make of itself a stumbling block to the way-faring Christian.

This solution of the mystery was pretty generally adopted by the neighbors as the true idea, and everybody knew that the church was haunted by the old man whose grave lay farthest from the church walls. It was well enough to go there on Sundays, but at night times were different. When the shadows be-

gan to drop heavy and black from the great cedar trees all about it—when there were strange rustlings over in the graveyard and curious gleams of light in the windows, the old church was left severely alone with its ghost.

After a whole congregation had seen the pale, bearded face at the pulpit window one moonlight night, and had fled like wild things to their homes in consequence, that part of the announcements, "Preaching at early candle-light, and please bring your candles," was left off; and thereafter, there was day service only, in that part of the moral vineyard. Even in broad daylight when a ghost as the old sinner had made would not dare show himself to mortal sight, the round eyes of the negroes up in the gallery shot about furtively, hardly willing to believe in the sun's power of exorcising ghosts for as much as twelve hours at a time. After Uncle Abel Drayton saw the ghost dancing about in the gallery just before the moon rose, first at one window and then at the other, nobody could get a negro to pass the place, even in daylight, without company, and that of a pious kind.

Colonel Drayton's farm reached over to the graveyard, and Uncle Abel carried his Bible every day when his work was in that part of the field, and laid it on the stump with his coat. All this began to be troublesome; the white people, almost as superstitious as the negroes, began to talk about investigating the matter.

Almost everybody had seen it, and all agreed that it was the image of the old man who had died without due preparation for the change; and those who had not seen it had heard it, for it was a lively ghost, and much devoted to the goddess Terpsichore.

The old man had been dreadful as a wicked man, but as a light and frivolous ghost he was surpassingly awful; for everybody knows that a well-regulated ghost walks slowly about, and if he belongs to an aristocratic family often carries his head under his arm. But a dancing ghost! It was a disgrace to the neighborhood and an insult to other ghosts that led more orderly lives.

Colonel Drayton, by no means entirely void of superstition himself, and having a wholesome horror of anything mysterious, finally organized a crowd to exorcise the ghost. All the neighbors came, many of them honestly afraid, some almost ashamed to own a belief in such things, while others were in great trepidation lest strange and unheard-of things should befall them.

Arrived at the church a profound silence ensued until Uncle Abel exclaimed: "De Lawd be merciful, I see it!" pointing up to a window where the awful white object was executing a sort of waltz. They all looked. The ghost surprised, perhaps, at such a goodly audience, came to the window and glared out, with the moon staring him full in the face!

Ah, yes, there was no longer room for doubt. There was the old man with his long, white beard waving in the breeze, and his wicked, fiery eyes shining in his pale face.

"Shall we go in?" some one whispered. A young man who had imbibed sufficient brandy to impart to him wonderful courage, declared his intention of doing so. And the others waited breathlessly, fearing the result.

The young man pushed the door open and entered. They heard him as he went up the stairs. Then there were awful noises in the church and a sound of many feet hurrying about. Just as the moon, having the advantage of the other spectators, sailed into a thick white cloud, the ghost sprang out, clearing the space between the door and the crowd it lighted among them, while yells and screams rent the air. The young man of the iron nerve and wonderful courage ran after it, roaring with laughter as he explained, "Why, it's just Col. Drayton's old Angora goat, Snowflake. He has a pious tendency, don't you see?" And the young man pointed to the big Angora who was surging the wind in his flight for liberty across the Drayton farm.

HAPPENINGS OF A MONTH.

The noted evangelist, D. L. Moody, has been holding meetings in Chicago all summer.

Thirty-nine persons were attacked and eleven died of cholera in one day last month in Hungary.

Two women, a girl and a boy, rescued eleven men from the bow-sprit of a sinking ship at Point Look-out a few days ago.

The President and Mrs. Cleveland returned to Washington from their summer home on the Massachusetts coast, September 1st.

Only four out of our nineteen war governors, are still living. They met at Lake Winnebago, N. H., last month at a veteran's reunion.

A young woman has just awakened in an Indiana hospital from a cataleptic sleep which has lasted two years. Hers is the most remarkable case on record.

From two to nine deaths a day from cholera has been the rule during the months of August and September, in Rome, Antwerp and other European cities.

A tremendous hurricane along the Atlantic coast near New Jersey, August 24th, swept off several small sea-going vessels, and rolled up a death-list of over sixty.

A couple in New Jersey walked forty miles to get married recently. The knot was tied in Paterson, and they settled down to housekeeping, footsore, blistered and weary—but happy.

A railroad riot at Gilbert, Pa., resulted in an armed attack by the citizens on the company August 22. Rifles and rocks were the weapons used; three men were killed and others wounded.

One of the worst railway accidents that ever befel the old Bay State took place Aug. 31, when a train crashed through a bridge over the Westfield River, smashing five cars, killing thirteen people and injuring twenty-five.

The steamer Savannah was wrecked off the coast of South Carolina August 30th on her way to Boston. Her passengers were taken ashore in boats and saved. Hundreds of smaller vessels were wrecked and disabled in the same tornado.

An insane servant-girl at Mount Vernon, N. Y., seized her master, who was over eighty years old, and putting him between two mattresses, danced over him until he was nearly dead. He was rescued and she was placed in an asylum.

During one of the hurricanes of the latter part of August, a four year old boy of Jersey City strayed away from home into a swamp where he became stuck in the mud, and remained alone all night, not being rescued until noon the next day.

Ex-Secretary of State Evarts, one of the greatest lawyers in America, and the man who writes the longest sentences of any one living, celebrated his golden wedding at the country-home of himself and Mrs. Evarts, Windsor, Vt., August 30th.

A fearful fire broke out in South Chicago on the 25th of August, devastating twenty acres and rendering 1,500 people homeless. Two hundred homes, a lumber-yard, a coal-yard and two churches were destroyed and the loss amounted to \$500,000.

The worst railroad disaster that ever occurred on Long Island happened on August 26th. Two passenger trains collided near Long Island City, killing fifteen people, and seriously injuring sixteen more, while seventy others were more or less hurt.

Nancy Hanks, the "Queen of the Tart," trotted in the presence of thousands of distinguished guests from all over the United States, including prominent foreigners, at Fleetwood Park, New York, August 31, breaking all records in the East at 2:06 3-4.

The head of the firm was shut into a refrigerating room of a meat company in New York in August, and was nearly frozen to death when he was found several hours after. He saved himself only by vigorous exercise while in confinement, and was seriously ill for weeks after.

TO CATARRH SUFFERERS

A clergyman, after years of suffering, from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a medicine which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending his name and address to Prof. Lawrence, 88 Warren Street, New York, will receive the means of cure free and postpaid.

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My Annie, O.
Mary Morrison.
Miniature.
Mary Blane.
Money musk.
My sweetheart.
Maid of Athens.
Not married yet.
Nell and L.
Sandy Lee.
None can tell.
O maidens fair.
Old Tubal Cain.
Old King Cole.
O ye ears.
O fair dove.
Our day is there.
Old Grimes.
Over there.
Oh, Mr. Coon.
Old J.C.
Ole Pee Dee.
Old King Crow.
Oh, Arabella.
Poor old maids.
Pecky Ike.
Paddy Snap.
Polly.
Rory O'Moore.
Robin Adair.
Reel o' bogie.
Ruby.
Save the boy.
Speak to me.
Shule Agrab.
Sweet Annie.
Speed away.
Shabby gendee.
See saw.
Sweet home.
Swiss boy.
Seventy-two.
The blue bird.
The parrot.
The advice.
The fairy boy.
The Ingleside.
The resolute.
Tulochgorman.
'Tis better so.
Thou art mine.
The ivy green.
The cup of tea.
Ten o'clock.
The pilot.
The poschere.
The watchman.
Twilight dews.
The fisher.
The old maid.
The bridge.
The watermill.
Unspoken.
We, we, we.
When I behold.
Ye merry birds.

All of the above and 444 other songs including the great popular songs Comrades, Ta-ra-ra-boom-to-ray and others are contained in this incomparable book, every one will want this collection of over 600 songs, words and music. Only by buying in half million lots, and desiring to obtain 600,000 new trial subscribers to COMFORT, can we offer them free to all sending 15c. for a 6 months' subscription to COMFORT.

Address, Publishers of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Has been gotten up in every conceivable form imaginable, but it has fallen to the lot of a gifted engraver to produce this marvelous souvenir of mechanical and artistic skill. Every one is amazed when they come to examine them. What genius and patience is required to conceive and perfect the midget wonder, are the exclamations heard on all sides. Every child as well as all adults, should possess one of these charms. They are adapted for presents for all seasons of the year, and are the most desirable little souvenirs one could be wished to be remembered by. Although but just placed on sale, the Mr.'s find it impossible to fill outside orders, so great is the demand. Our order coming first, the supply will last at least thirty days; so write at once and renew your subscription as per offer below. COMFORT has many new and novel good things in store for its readers the coming season, and renews are forthcoming, from all over the country.

LORD'S PRAYER CHARM.

Heavily Gold Plated. Stands Acid.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Engraved in Smallest Space ever Known.



Lord's Prayer Engraved in Raised Letters within the smallest space ever known. This lovely solid Gold Plate Charm Souvenir is made of Brilliant Goldine Metal, heavily Gold Plated. Stands Acid. Brilliant, Handsome and Pretty as a new Piece of 18-Karat Solid Gold Jewelry.

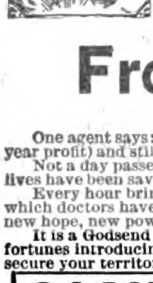
The Lord's Prayer Contains About 260 Letters and 60 Words. Do you think you could get 60 Words selected from this Card in the small circular space? Try it and you will appreciate the Marvellous Genius of this Gifted Engraver who spent years on this Wonderful Souvenir. Small it is, every letter or word of the Lord's Prayer can be distinctly read with the Naked Eye.

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From Maine to California.



ACONY

MAINE, Norway P. O.—Enclosed find five dollars for which send me Oxien. I can praise it highly.—A. T. Crocker.

VERMONT, Pawlet, Rutland Co.—I cannot say too much in praise of Oxien. It cured my 70-year-old father of rheumatism.—Mrs. Geo. E. Towles.

MASS., Fall River.—My life was despaired of, but after using one Giant Box of Oxien I became perfectly well and strong.—John Slinn, Gen. Agt. Vt. Life Ins. Co.

NEW YORK, De Ruyter.—Oxien has benefited me more than anything I ever used.—Mrs. William Sterling.

PENN., Salvia, Fulton Co.—Enclosed find ten dollars for Oxien. Was crippled with rheumatism and other ailments. Oxien cured me, and it has done wonders for others.—Robert Sipes.

LOUISIANA, Lechmann.—God bless Oxien. It cured my wife, for whom doctors could do nothing.—B. H. Green.

GEORGIA, Rocky Ford.—It is a Godsend to the world. Please send me another Giant box for enclosed dollar.—Thos. H. Stringer.

NORTH CAROLINA, Leggett.—Oxien has done me more good than any doctor's medicine I ever tried.—Caroline H. Hedgpath.

ALABAMA, Chunchula.—Oxien is worth its weight in gold, and I would not be without it.—O. F. Ingersoll.

LOUISIANA, St. Augustine.—For years I was a great sufferer from nervous prostration, but now I am well and strong again, and all to whom I give this Wonderful Food for the Nerves experience the same improvement.—Mrs. Ellen E. S. Phillips.

OHIO, Sharon Centre.—For a long time my husband had fits. Doctors could do nothing. Since he has used Oxien he has had no sign of his old trouble.—Mrs. John Houghian.

ILLINOIS, Ridge Farm.—One box of Oxien made me feel like a new man. It will.—Chas. Buell.

NEB., Howe.—It has done wonders for me. After nine years' illness Oxien has brought me good health.—Mrs. Wm. Bantz.

MISS., McCool.—I scarcely hoped to recover, but Oxien has made a new man of me.—W. B. Hull.

MICHIGAN, Dundee.—I had a paralytic stroke January, 1891, and the use of my right side. I spent nearly \$900, but Oxien is the only thing that did me any good, and it has done wonders. This is my first trial at writing since the shock.—W. W. Fleming.

TEXAS, Bowie.—May God bless you always for Oxien. I have no language to tell how happy and thankful I feel. After twenty years' affliction Oxien made me young again.—W. F. Rogers.

COLORADO, Highlands.—Oxien cured me of the worst stomach trouble I ever knew of, and it has done the same for others here with similar complaints.—Mrs. Wm. W. Hinckley.

NEBRASKA, Palmer.—Your Wonderful Food for the Nerves is doing wonders for my wife. Enclosed find \$7 for Oxien.—C. B. McCormick.

CALIFORNIA, San Bernardino.—For thirteen years I suffered with catarrh, but tried your Wonderful Food for the Nerves, and to my great joy am now perfectly well.—Miss Rosa Velasquez.

CALIFORNIA, San Francisco.—I was a complete wreck, but after using Oxien am now well and strong. My wife's health has been

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NEBRASKA, Palmer.—Your Wonderful Food for the

\$100 PRIZE PUZZLE TO WINNERS, \$100

THE following is the list of winners in our Prize Puzzle Club competition, as announced in Comfort from May to September, inclusive. As will be seen, the 2nd and 3rd prizes are divided equally between two winners. This was done because these two competitors solved exactly the same number of puzzles, sent in exactly the same number of subscribers, and their letters were received at exactly the same time. The only just way seemed to be to add the \$20 and \$15, and divide them equally, which was accordingly done. Again, while those who did enter the competition worked faithfully, several solving over thirty out of thirty-five puzzles, there were not enough who showed the proper spirit of work, or who complied with all the conditions; consequently the \$22.00 which remained after awarding the first five prizes, has been equally divided among the eight who complied with every condition and made a thorough business, of trying to solve the thirty-five puzzles. That these were not difficult of solution is proven by the large proportion which were solved in each case. One boy of ten solved twenty-seven and another of fifteen solved fourteen out of the thirty-five. Here is the list of winners:

A. F. Holt, 19 Stephen St., Lynn, Mass., 1st prize of \$25; solved 33 puzzles.
Mrs. E. H. Cooper, 240 E. Main St., Meriden, Conn., 2nd prize of \$17.50; solved 31 puzzles.
Mrs. Julia M. Hilton, Lynden, Whatcom Co., Washington, Box 116, \$17.50; solved 31 puzzles.
"R. G." 10 Oxford St., London, Canada, 4th prize, \$10; solved 30 puzzles.
W. E. Wiatt, Gloucester, Va., 5th prize, \$5; solved 29 puzzles.
Mrs. B. B. Buckout, 238 N. Washington Ave., Saginaw, E. S. Michigan, 6th prize, \$3; solved 28 puzzles.

And to each of the following \$2.75 apiece:
George H. Stanbery, Hopewell, Ohio; solved 27 puzzles.
Morgan H. Fish, 313 Glen Street, Glen Falls, N. Y.; solved 26 puzzles.
Gustavus Stockman, 879 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.; 25 puzzles.
M. M. Day, 91 S. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.; 25 puzzles.
Mrs. F. B. Hancock, Stonington, Conn., Box 389; 24 puzzles.
Mrs. L. E. Curtis, Freeport, Me., Box 94; solved 22 puzzles.
Mrs. J. B. Deane, Middleboro, Mass., Box 385; solved 21 puzzles.
Ray P. Ellis, 125 School St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.; solved 14.

Following is a correct list of answers to the 25 puzzles:

1. Misery loves company. 2. Fir, umbrella, palm, bread-fruit, smoke, weeping-willow, beech, tulip, bass, pear.

3. Blue Lisa User Madsen and Akin Area Died Nero Endaleaon Late Etta Dear

4. Pink. 5. Newport. 6. Wall. 7. The remedy for wrongs is to forget them. 8-1. Red Wing. 2. Jackson; 3. Warsaw; 4. Williamsport. 9-1. Peal, leap, pale; 2. Tame, team, meat, mate; 3. Tier, rite, tire; 4. Dear, dare, read; 5. Time, mite, emit, item; 6. Live, vile, evil. 10. Birds of a feather flock together. 11. The World's Fair. 12. Bigelow, Wallace. 13. The way of the wicked is as darkness. 14. Pit, top, pan, noon, net, trap. 15-1. pear, part, trip, rite, rift; 2. Goat, boat, bear; 3. Lace, leap, gate, goal; 4. Unit, time, fine, five; 5. Mary, mare, male, Ella. 16. George Washington. 17. Cincinnati. 18. Swansea, Bradford, Ashburnham, Catskill. 19. P. O. A. H. S. Q. S. L. S. T. A. S. X. 20. Gerry, Kerry, Barre, Parry, Surry, Worth, Huron. 21. Dogstar. 22. Jo Daviess, Rose Hill, Copper Mines, Orange, Fountain, Antelope, Rising Sun, Albert Lee, Hope, Moose, Rattlesnake, Mountain View, Wise, Dry Wood, Three Sisters, Augusta, Charlotte, Angelina, Turtle, Curry, Pineapple, Coffee, Yellow Medicine, Lake, Coffee Jo Daviess, Worth. 23. Haste makes waste.

24. And thou, too, whosoever thou art, That readest this brief psalm, As one by one thy hopes depart, Be resolute, and calm. Oh, fear not in a world like this, And thou shalt know e'er long, Know how sublime a thing it is, To suffer, and be strong.

LONGFELLOW.

25. Japanese umbrella. 26-1. Lincoln, Madison; 2. Byron, Bryant, Lowell, Milton; 3. Wesley; 4. Lee, Sherman; 5. Duke of York; 6. Turner; 7. Abraham; 8. Alexander; 9. Bancroft; 10. Livermore; 11. Addison; 12. Standish, Maine. 27. Benjamin Franklin.

A pretty maid with sprightly tread Came tripping down the street. Her eyes were brown, her cheeks were red, And dainty were her feet.

A comely youth with ardent gaze While pausing on his way, Unto the pretty maiden cries, "I beg you, dear, to stay."

"I thank you sir," the maid replied, "I really cannot hear."

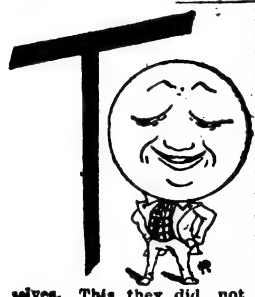
The youth passed on his way, and sighed; The maiden dropped a tear.

29. Umbrella. 30. Between two stools he falls to the ground. 31. Bedridden, Steamboat. 32. Conrad, Caleb, Richard, Peter, Frank, James, Amos, Amasa, Andrew, Hosea, Arthur, George. 33. Nasturtium. 34. Up a tree. 35. The Chicago Exposition.

On the whole the answers to the puzzles were very satisfactory, only one out of the thirty-five (No. 1) remaining unanswered. In several puzzles, where the conditions were fulfilled equally well by a different word from that intended, the answer received was adjudged as correct. Every latitude possible has been allowed to the contestants, that no one could have any chance to feel aggrieved, and that Comfort, in this as in all its dealings with its patrons, should be not only just, but generous. We thank all the Prize Puzzle Club for the interest displayed, and congratulate the winners on their well deserved success.

WEATHER WISE.

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THIS is the man in the moon, but not the one that brings messages to Mr. Kinsabby. In other times, before old Probabilities had a weather bureau, and the government undertook to regulate the temperature of the country, every farmer and every business man used to predict the weather for themselves. This they did not only by a trick of

judging by the clouds in the southern or northwestern sky, but by certain signs and rules pertaining to the moon's changes. Not one man in a thousand has kept up these traditions, relating to the moon's influence on the weather; but there are certain authorities of ancient repute, to which Comfort has access, denied to ordinary newspapers. And since it is according to these rules in a measure that almanac makers make up their predictions ahead, and since many of them are sincerely valuable, we will give the simple rules governing the changes of the moon, by which every Comfort reader may (by following and applying them) be his own Weather Bureau, as it were. It all depends on the time of the moon's changes. A few general rules are these: The nearer the time of the moon's change, first quarter, full or last quarter, is to mid-night, the fairer will be the weather for the next seven days; the nearer to midday or noon these changes occur, the wetter the weather during the week following; the moon's change, first quarter, full, or last quarter, happening between four and ten in the afternoon, will probably bring fair weather; these observations apply to the summer principally, although they affect the other seasons also.

More specific rules are: When the moon changes between midnight and two o'clock in the morning, the weather will be fair in summer and frosty in winter, unless the wind be south.

When it changes between two and four o'clock in the morning, the weather will be cold with frequent showers in summer, or snowy and stormy in winter.

If between four and six in the morning, it will be rainy in summer or winter.

Between six and eight a.m., it will be windy and rainy in summer or stormy in winter.

Between eight and ten in the morning, changeable in summer, or cold rain in winter, unless the wind is east, when it will snow.

Between ten and twelve in the morning, there will be frequent showers in summer, or cold and high winds in winter.

Between noon and two p.m., it will be very wet in summer, or snowy in winter.

Between two and four p.m., it will be changeable in summer, or fair and mild in winter.

Between four and six p.m., fair in summer or winter.

Between six and eight p.m., it will be fair, summer or winter, unless the wind is southerly, when it will be wet or snowy.

Between eight and ten p.m., the same rule applies; and

Between ten p.m. and midnight, it will be fair in summer, or fair and frosty in winter.

These are rules of a famous English authority, and have been used for centuries.

Cut them out and save them. Perhaps they will do you a good turn.

Offentimes at sea, when the sky is clear and all seems plain sailing with glorious weather for days to come, the captain or some other "old salt" will suddenly predict a storm. The inexperienced landman finds it impossible to believe him, as there is no weather bureau possible to be consulted out thousands of miles to sea; but the old sailor has some occult knowledge gained from the stars and the moon, and the predicted storm is sure to materialize at the right moment. All of which goes to prove that there is something in the moon's changes and their influence on the weather.

However, to keep track of the moon's changes necessitates a great deal of sitting up nights with the man in the moon; and nobody but sentimental young ladies, nowadays, has time to do this. Consequently, Uncle Sam has taken this matter in hand, and hires "Old Prob" to predict the weather, to which all thanks are due him.

A PIECE OF COTTON CLOTH.

Copyright, 1893, by The Gannett & Morse Concern.



PIECE of plain cotton cloth is a simple thing enough, but the processes which brought it up from the cotton-boll are both intricate and interesting.

A walk through a big cotton factory reveals a number of stages which make one feel a decided reverence for the roll of bleached cloth or printed calico, when it is done.

The cotton is bought in a raw state and brought to the mills. The carders take it first and separate the fibres carefully, by machinery, card and twist it into rolls of different degrees of fineness. After it has gone through several machines, it comes out a fine single thread, for warp or filling, when it is ready for the looms. After it is reeled off, it is taken to the weavers and woven into cloth, which leaves this room in webs of fifty yards or so, the surface of which is quite rough, with occasional fragments of seeds, etc., sticking to them. It is then run over great cylinders, passing close enough to a yard-long series of gas-jets, to scorch away all roughness and clinging substances without burning the cloth. This of course is a very nice operation, and depends on the regulation of the gas-jets to an exact degree. When the cloth has passed through this process, it is ready to be put on the market as "unbleached cotton."

Supposing, however, that bleached or printed cloth is desired. Immense vats filled with a hot solution of chloride of lime and other chemicals are steaming in the basement. In these the cloth is boiled and bleached. Then it is rinsed, dried, and pressed on hot cylinders, and is ready for the market as "bleached cotton."

In another room are still other vats of dye-stuffs. The process of printing cloth is quite complicated. The designs are made by trained men and young women, in a light, airy room at the top of the building. Then dies are made from these designs and the cloth is run through the dye-presses several times, before it comes out printed and finished. Then it, too, is run over hot cylinders, pressed, measured and packed away ready for the wholesale trade.

At a low estimate, it is probable that a yard of cotton cloth goes through the hands of twenty people before it is ready for market, and a yard of calico through fifty; the first passing through ten processes in the mill, and the second nearer twenty. And when it is done it sells for from five to ten cents!

Moral—but we leave the politicians to draw the moral.

FARM NOTES.

It is better to keep sheep for mutton than for wool. Good livestock should be an adjunct to every grain farm.

A good farmer is always willing to learn and test the best methods.

One of the best ways to destroy weeds in the pasture is to keep sheep.

Wind-mills attached to driven wells will supply pure water to any part of the farm.

A study of fertilizers would be a great advantage to farmers during this coming winter.

Grass roots derive nourishment close to the surface; for that reason a top dressing is of great value.

A honey-room should be clean, warm and dry, and honey-cans or jars should be stored in such a place.

Teach colts to walk fast, and they will afterwards do more work in a given time than slow walkers.

The cattle trough should be scrubbed out with a broom at least once a week, in order that they may have clean water.

It does not injure land to bear two crops a year if two applications of manure or fertilizer in sufficient quantities are applied.

A raw onion, rubbed thoroughly into the hide of an animal afflicted with lice, will remove all such pests.

A 75c. KNIFE & 60c. SHEAR FOR \$1.



free, also "HOW TO USE A RAZOR." MAHER & GROSS, 71 A St., Toledo, Ohio.

It is estimated that this country produces 2,200 pounds of grain to each inhabitant, or six pounds a day throughout the year.

Colts foaled in the fall will be ready to wean before spring's work. They will thrive better if given ground oats during the winter.

Turn sod under in the fall and it rots before spring, leaving the land in better condition for crops than if the ploughing is done in the spring.

Gravel has been called "hen's teeth." They must have it in order to properly digest their food. Therefore, be sure they have a plentiful supply.

If a cow or horse gets choked with an apple or potato, hold up its head and break an egg in its mouth. This is said to be a sure remedy.

A pig should make profitable pork when it is ten months or a year old. Very large hogs require so much time for growth that they increase the expense of keeping.

The test of dairy cows at the World's Fair shows that the best reach about 15 pounds of butter for the most favorable week's trial, yet private tests go far beyond that.

Spontaneous combustion has been known to result from storing hay before it was properly cured and free from dampness. This doubtless will account for the mysterious burning of barns.

Alsike clover was imported from France only a few years ago but has become very popular. The period of bloom is much longer than that of red clover, and it is ready to cut with timothy. Only half as much seed is required as of red clover, and it may be sowed either in the spring or in the fall.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Rub soap into the seams of creaking shoes.

Borax water will remove stains on the hands.

Butter was formerly used only as an ointment.

The nap of a wool hat will stop a bleeding wound.

Shake carpets on a clear day when there is no wind.

Fold dress skirts right side out to prevent wrinkling.

Gas tar around mice holes will drive away these pests.

A camphor bag hung up in a room will drive away mosquitoes.

Rub ink stains on linen with clean tallow before washing and boiling.

A gauze veil is the best protection for a sensitive skin on a windy day.

Nails may be driven into hard wood easier if they are first dipped in oil.

Warm soapsuds, with a little ammonia, will remove lemon stains on cloth.

Sinks which have become dull and dirty should be rubbed with turpentine or kerosene.

Salt dissolved in vinegar and well rubbed on is the best thing for cleaning brass.

The head of a match moistened and rubbed on ink fingers will remove the spots.

Rub the hands with celery or mustard to remove the odor of onions after peeling.

Warm your bread knife before cutting hot bread, and the slices will be smooth and nice.

The ashes of wheat straw makes an excellent silver polish. Apply with a piece of soft leather.

Face your gowns with denim, which wears better and does not rub your shoes as canvass does.

Boll vinegar and salt in iron spiders to clean them, then scrub clean with any good scouring soap.

A little soda in the water which you use to wash greasy kettles will cleanse them much quicker.

Wash black stockings with soap that is free from soda and add a little vinegar to the rinsing water.

Touch a cold-sore with a ball of saltpetre moistened in water, and it will disappear, if not too far advanced.

A carpet with small figures wears better than one with large, and makes a small room seem larger than it is.

Lamp chimneys are best cleaned by holding them over steam and then rubbing with a soft cloth or paper.

For ivy poison, apply bruised bean leaves. A strong tea of dried bean leaves will answer the same purpose.

Add a teaspoonful of cornstarch to every six of salt when you fill the shakers, and it will never get damp and lumpy.

Apply brick-dust with a piece of raw potato when you clean steel knives, and rust and stain will disappear quickly.

A tablespoonful of coal oil added to every half gallon of flour starch will give a beautiful gloss to the starched pieces.

Put a little piece of bread into water in which vegetables are boiled, and it will remove much of the unpleasant odor.

Boil a teaspoonful of saleratus in an old tea or coffee pot two-thirds full of water to remove discolorations from use.

Cold salt water or sea water is one of the best lotions to restore firmness to the flesh. Bathe the cheeks upward and wipe dry.

Soak cauliflower, cabbage, etc., in salt water an hour before cooking to destroy minute insects that may cling to the leaves.

To extract stains from silk, take one part essence of lemon, and five parts spirits of turpentine. Mix and apply with a linen rag.

Try fine meal sprinkled on a grease spot in the carpet, and let it remain for several hours, when it will have absorbed the grease.

A good paste for cleaning metals is made of oxalic acid one part, rotten-stone six parts, mixed with equal parts of train oil and spirits of turpentine.

A famous cook says that to boil an egg properly it should be put into cold water, set over the fire, and the moment the water begins to boil, the egg is done.

A sauce-pan in which oatmeal has been cooked, may be easily cleaned by putting a cupful of ashes into it and filling up with water a few minutes before washing.

An old-fashioned cement for broken earthen ware was made of one ounce of dry cream cheese, grated fine, and the same amount of quick-lime, mixed with three ounces of skimmed milk.

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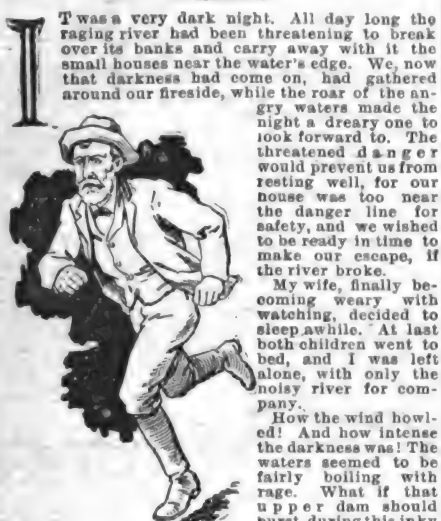
Illustration of a dictionary with the text 'Webster's Handy Dictionary' and 'Illustrated'.

THAT AWFUL NIGHT.

BASED ON EXPERIENCE.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY EUGENIA CARTER.

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It was a very dark night. All day long the raging river had been threatening to break over its banks and carry away with it the small houses near the water's edge. We, now that darkness had come on, had gathered around our fireside, while the roar of the angry waters made the night a dreary one to look forward to. The threatened danger would prevent us from resting well, for our house was too near the danger line for safety, and we wished to be ready in time to make our escape, if the river broke.

My wife, finally becoming weary with watching, decided to sleep awhile. At last both children went to bed, and I was left alone, with only the noisy river for company. How the wind howled! And how intense the darkness was! The waters seemed to be fairly boiling with rage. What if that upper dam should burst, during this inky night, would it reach our house, or not? The chances were, that it would. What a terrible thought it was! I shuddered at the mere idea. But how very comfortable the fire was. Surely such a danger would not be allowed to come.

Little Margaret, our four-year-old, had knelt down and said her evening prayer, and crept with child-like trust into her soft bed, and pretty Robbie, six years old, with that implicit confidence which boys, as a rule, have in their fathers, had said, "Papa will take care of us, even if the river should come." Poor little rascals! Little did they know how powerless poor papa was, to avert such evils! But the faith of childhood is so sustaining, that I, too, would like to fall asleep here in my easy chair, by the pleasant fire, feeling that although the angry river should burst over its boundaries, yet "some one would take care of me."

About eleven, things were somewhat more quiet, so I concluded I would walk to the barn and see about the horses. So uneasy had I felt that I had thought it best to leave them untied, thus making them free to run for their lives.

The barn stood about fifty feet from the house, and while standing near the barn door, one of the horses suddenly gave an impatient neigh, and breaking his bridle which I had just tied, rushed furiously into the black night.

I started in haste for the door, when lo! the roar of rushing waters came to my ear! "The river! The river!" I shouted with all my strength, and rushed toward the house. How I ran! Would I never reach it? I stumbled on in the darkness. When half way there, the moon shone faintly through the clouds, and looked upon a mass of yellow swirling, foaming waters rushing along, carrying trees and debris of most every sort on its bosom. Could I reach the house before the waters did? When it should touch my house, I knew too well what the consequences would be. If I might at least be allowed to suffer with my family, and not be separated thus, in this terrible hour! I seemed smothering; the air I breathed was stifling as the air from an oven. I dashed on, and then—fell heavily, having struck my foot against a stone in the dark. I rose and started again, but even in that short time the water had come with an awful "boom" against my house, and away it went like a leaf tossed on the waves.

I gave one groan and fell to the ground.

When I regained consciousness, my little Margaret was the first whom I recognized. What had happened? Where was I? For awhile everything seemed strange, and then—I remembered all.

Then Robbie entered the room, his face sadly tear-stained. I asked the children to tell me all, which they did. Their story was about as follows:

When the house was first struck by the wave it seemed that it would certainly go over, but it had managed to keep righted and thus floated on for several minutes. Just beyond a sudden bend, around which the waters rushed, the house dragged heavily on some large rocks and became very nearly stationary. Their mother, however, was nearly crazy with fright, for she saw no means of escape from this terrible death. She began snatching at the little ones, to drag them out of the window and hurl them into the water with herself. But for once they became obstinate and resisted her; but she, screaming frantically, threw herself out of the window into the rushing waters. It being dark, Rob and Margaret had immediately lost sight of her. They knew that they must now try to save themselves. They rushed to a window and began screaming for aid. "I think we ought to pray," said Robbie; "you know papa said God would take care of us." So down went



these two helpless children on their knees and said their little prayer, and instead of adding the "Amen" right off, Robbie added: "And please, oh God, send some good folks to take care of us. Papa said you would take care of us. Amen." And help came; for a few moments later, some half dozen rescuers on the opposite shore, saw the house moving along and calling to the children to hold on until help came, brought two small boats and took the two frightened little creatures to a place of safety.

I sat dazed and speechless while listening to their story, and then like an arrow, the thought of my lost wife came to me—I had just begun to realize it. I threw out my arms and called wildly for my wife. Just then a strange lady entered the room, and told me that it was absolutely necessary that I be very quiet. But it was evident she did not wish me to know some bad news which she seemed trying to keep away from me.

"Oh," said I, "you are trying to keep me from knowing that my wife is lost! She has thrown herself into those terrible waters! Oh, save her! Somebody, save Agnes! Why do you stand there looking at me, and do not go to get Agnes? Have you no heart? Oh, my darling wife, I cannot live without you! Agnes, Agnes, come back to me! Come back to me!"

Just then, a gentle hand, warm and pleasant, was laid on my head and a soft voice said: "Harry, what in the world is the matter? I guess you are worn out watching. It is time to make the kitchen fire."

For, lo! it was all a dream! And while I had slept the wind had died down and the waters subsided.

MISS LOANTHY'S CALL.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY SARAH WARD TEMPLE.

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HE most benighted observer could tell at a glance that the wind of Miss Loanthy's destiny was blowing from the most unfavorable quarter.

She had on what her roguish nephew, Harry, called her "Kicking Josey," and upon the tightly wound knob of hair at the top of her head a faded purple cap sat perched abruptly. These signs of the times along with the snap of the deepest gray eyes, and the grim line of the energetic mouth, said to the most casual observer, the most casual observer, we would rather fight than eat."

Miss Loanthy's meditations usually took a verbal form, and as she looked into the fire she spoke, "I s'pose I may jest set here the rest o' my natural life an' twirl my thumbs, or ef that don't suit I may turn to furrin missions, sewin' circles an' gossip. Humph! you don't ketch no man at no sech. He either has a genuine Call, or else he settles down to fair, square business an' keeps a-diggin'. Yes, an' thet's what I'm agoin' to do." Miss Loanthy mused a moment, then she continued her ruminations, "I needn't hope fur no Call; it'd have to be a reg'lar engine screech to be heard, me bein' a woman, so I'd jest better let the idee go."

That the parting between Miss Loanthy and the hope of a Call was a hard one, the sigh that struggled up from under the "Kicking Josey" bore ample testimony.

"I settle down to fair, square business, myself, and keep diggin'. There's no use alookin' for or expectin' anything unusual in my life or work. I'll jest take to farmin'—fruit and dairy farmin'."

Having decided upon a new and energetic project to be carried out, Miss Loanthy bade farewell to the Call she had so long cherished in her breast, and felt happier than she had for many a day.

It was getting on towards spring. The old yellow hen had been heard to sing in a high, industrious tone of voice, and the gobbler was beginning to drag his wings arrogantly over the pebbled ground of Miss Loanthy's poultry-yard. Here and there a meadow lark gladdened the fresh morning air with rippling song. Yes, spring is coming, nay, has come, and Miss Loanthy is ready for it.

"No, Mr. Lawson," she said, "I don't want to rent out my land this year, I'm goin' to farm it myself. You can plow the patch for me, if you're a mind to, seel'n you come ready to work."

"I reckon you're goin' to use the pastur' too?"

"Yes, I'm goin' to put three or four of the best cows I can find in it. I bin savin' a little money, thinkin' I might need it for other occasions." (poor Miss Loanthy! she was thinking of the Call) "but I find it pore managemint lendin' it to the bank for little or nothin', while I work my fingers to the bone a sewin' for a livin'."

So the "patch" was plowed and planted, and a little herd of mid-eyed, deer-like cattle cropped the grass and drank the crystal water of the brook that rippled through Miss Loanthy's meadow.

It is a rainy night in autumn. Miss Loanthy sits beside her lonely fire, and from the faraway look in her eyes, memory has taken her far back into the past.

There is a limit to human forbearance, and patient as had been her girlhood's lover, Joe Gleeson had grown weary of a courtship prolonged past that of Jacob of old, and had, some years previous to this writing, sold his homestead opposite to Miss Loanthy Bigelow's inheritance, and turned to new scenes. Beyond a rumor of his marriage to a Western farmer's daughter, Miss Bigelow had heard nothing of him.

To-night as the rain beats lonesomely on the windows, and the wind moans in the chimney like the cry of a lost soul, she thinks of him, not regretfully, but with a kind of tender reverence. He was the memory of something kind and restful and patient, and she felt herself to be a more womanly woman because he had loved her.

There is a sudden rapping of small knuckles, then a childish voice calls out:

"Please, lady, let me in."

"Law, child, what are you doin' out in the rain?" She drew the dripping mite of humanity into the room. It was a delicate-featured girl. She raised her pathetic eyes to the kind face bending above her. "I saw you working in your fruit garden to-day, and so I thought of asking you to come—I haven't any mother," this with a little break of the voice. "We just moved in to-day—father'n me—and he got wet. It's give him one of his bad spells." Then the anxious treble broke down altogether, and the little creature clung about the woman's knees in wild entreaty. "Oh lady, come with me, please come."

It took but a moment to collect all the herbs, plasters, and ointments in reach of her deft hands, and feeling herself equipped for almost any kind of a "spell," Miss Bigelow took the child's wet little hand, and stepped across the muddy street.

The little girl ran through the dark entry into the room beyond.

"Loanthy dear, is that you?"

Good heavens! That voice. Miss Loanthy was a woman of nerve, and did not scream or faint, but the herbs, plasters, pill-boxes and bottles, along with the big gingham umbrella, dropped to the floor and lay an inensate, conglomerate mass, while she leaned up against the wall, and murmured:

"Joe Gleeson, as I live!"

Believing that by some strange power he had divined her presence and called to her, she stepped into the room.

"Did you call me, Joe?"

"You?"

The worn figure tried to raise itself from the improvised couch by the fire, but sank back with a groan of pain.

"Get the things in the hall. What's your name, child?"

"Loanthy."

"Oh!" There was a world of understanding in Miss Bigelow's "Oh."

She bent over the invalid with a new light in her eyes. "I've always bin expectin' a Call, Joe, an' to-night I've got two of 'em."

She laid her cool hand upon the sick man's brow, and Joe Gleeson, who had come to answer 'em both."

Joe Gleeson drew the strong brown hand down and pressed it to his lips. Then he murmured in deep content, "Loanthy dear, is that you?"

ODD FACTS.

A semi-fossil egg from Madagascar has just brought \$300 in a London auction room.

One of the deepest bore-holes ever made has just been out in Prussia, and is 5,660 feet deep.

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It is said that 8,280,000 tons of water are evaporated from the Mediterranean sea every hot summer day.

One hundred and fifty-six million, eight hundred and seventy-nine thousand, six hundred and twenty-seven cigars were made in Florida last year.

Land on the corner of 5th Ave. and 57th St., New York City, sells for \$5,000 a front foot; on lower Broadway, in corner plots, \$15,000 to \$20,000 a front foot; on government land, you can get 80 acres for nothing.

A New Haven business man went out in a boat early in August, to bathe in Long Island Sound. While swimming, two men in a dory came up, struck him with an oar, and stunned him. When he returned to consciousness, he found himself bound hand and foot in a small schooner with his own boat in tow. His captors robbed and left him, still tied in the anchored sloop, while they landed with all their goods—probably snatched ones. It was two weeks before he was rescued.

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Smash the Windows. Spanish Dance No. 1. Spanish Dance No. 2. Spanish Dance No. 3. Spanish Dance No. 4. Spanish Dance No. 5. Spanish Dance No. 6. Spanish Dance No. 7. Spanish Dance No. 8. Spanish Dance No. 9. Spanish Dance No. 10. Spanish Dance No. 11. Spanish Dance No. 12. Spanish Dance No. 13. Spanish Dance No. 14. Spanish Dance No. 15. Spanish Dance No. 16. Spanish Dance No. 17. Spanish Dance No. 18. Spanish Dance No. 19. Spanish Dance No. 20. Spanish Dance No. 21. Spanish Dance No. 22. Spanish Dance No. 23. Spanish Dance No. 24. Spanish Dance No. 25. Spanish Dance No. 26. Spanish Dance No. 27. Spanish Dance No. 28. Spanish Dance No. 29. Spanish Dance No. 30. Spanish Dance No. 31. Spanish Dance No. 32. Spanish Dance No. 33. Spanish Dance No. 34. Spanish Dance No. 35. Spanish Dance No. 36. Spanish Dance No. 37. Spanish Dance No. 38. Spanish Dance No. 39. Spanish Dance No. 40. Spanish Dance No. 41. Spanish Dance No. 42. Spanish Dance No. 43. Spanish Dance No. 44. Spanish Dance No. 45. Spanish Dance No. 46. Spanish Dance No. 47. Spanish Dance No. 48. Spanish Dance No. 49. Spanish Dance No. 50. Spanish Dance No. 51. Spanish Dance No. 52. Spanish Dance No. 53. Spanish Dance No. 54. Spanish Dance No. 55. Spanish Dance No. 56. Spanish Dance No. 57. Spanish Dance No. 58. Spanish Dance No. 59. Spanish Dance No. 60. Spanish Dance No. 61. Spanish Dance No. 62. Spanish Dance No. 63. Spanish Dance No. 64. Spanish Dance No. 65. Spanish Dance No. 66. Spanish Dance No. 67. Spanish Dance No. 68. Spanish Dance No. 69. Spanish Dance No. 70. Spanish Dance No. 71. Spanish Dance No. 72. Spanish Dance No. 73. Spanish Dance No. 74. Spanish Dance No. 75. Spanish Dance No. 76. Spanish Dance No. 77. Spanish Dance No. 78. Spanish Dance No. 79. Spanish Dance No. 80. Spanish Dance No. 81. Spanish Dance No. 82. Spanish Dance No. 83. Spanish Dance No. 84. Spanish Dance No. 85. Spanish Dance No. 86. Spanish Dance No. 87. Spanish Dance No. 88. Spanish Dance No. 89. Spanish Dance No. 90. Spanish Dance No. 91. Spanish Dance No. 92. Spanish Dance No. 93. Spanish Dance No. 94. Spanish Dance No. 95. Spanish Dance No. 96. Spanish Dance No. 97. Spanish Dance No. 98. Spanish Dance No. 99. Spanish Dance No. 100. Spanish Dance No. 101. Spanish Dance No. 102. Spanish Dance No. 103. Spanish Dance No. 104. Spanish Dance No. 105. Spanish Dance No. 106. Spanish Dance No. 107. Spanish Dance No. 108. Spanish Dance No. 109. Spanish Dance No. 110. Spanish Dance No. 111. Spanish Dance No. 112. Spanish Dance No. 113. Spanish Dance No. 114. Spanish Dance No. 115. Spanish Dance No. 116. Spanish Dance No. 117. Spanish Dance No. 118. Spanish Dance No. 119. Spanish Dance No. 120. Spanish Dance No. 121. Spanish Dance No. 122. Spanish Dance No. 123. Spanish Dance No. 124. Spanish Dance No. 125. Spanish Dance No. 126. Spanish Dance No. 127. Spanish Dance No. 128. Spanish Dance No. 129. Spanish Dance No. 130. Spanish Dance No. 131. Spanish Dance No. 132. Spanish Dance No. 133. Spanish Dance No. 134. Spanish Dance No. 135. Spanish Dance No. 136. Spanish Dance No. 137. Spanish Dance No. 138. Spanish Dance No. 139. Spanish Dance No. 140. Spanish Dance No. 141. Spanish Dance No. 142. Spanish Dance No. 143. Spanish Dance No. 144. Spanish Dance No. 145. Spanish Dance No. 146. Spanish Dance No. 147. Spanish Dance No. 148. Spanish Dance No. 149. Spanish Dance No. 150. Spanish Dance No. 151. Spanish Dance No. 152. Spanish Dance No. 153. Spanish Dance No. 154. Spanish Dance No. 155. Spanish Dance No. 156. Spanish Dance No. 157. Spanish Dance No. 158. Spanish Dance No. 159. Spanish Dance No. 160. Spanish Dance No. 161. Spanish Dance No. 162. Spanish Dance No. 163. Spanish Dance No. 164. Spanish Dance No. 165. Spanish Dance No. 166. Spanish Dance No. 167. Spanish Dance No. 168. Spanish Dance No. 169. Spanish Dance No. 170. Spanish Dance No. 171. Spanish Dance No. 172. Spanish Dance No. 173. Spanish Dance No. 174. Spanish Dance No. 175. Spanish Dance No. 176. Spanish Dance No. 177. Spanish Dance No. 178. Spanish Dance No. 179. Spanish Dance No. 180. Spanish Dance No. 181. Spanish Dance No. 182. Spanish Dance No. 183. Spanish Dance No. 184. Spanish Dance No. 185. Spanish Dance No. 186. Spanish Dance No. 187. Spanish Dance No. 188. Spanish Dance No. 189. Spanish Dance No. 190. Spanish Dance No. 191. Spanish Dance No. 192. Spanish Dance No. 193. Spanish Dance No. 194. Spanish Dance No. 195. Spanish Dance No. 196. Spanish Dance No. 197. Spanish Dance No. 198. Spanish Dance No. 199. Spanish Dance No. 200. Spanish Dance No. 201. Spanish Dance No. 202. Spanish Dance No. 203. Spanish Dance No. 204. Spanish Dance No. 205. Spanish Dance No. 206. Spanish Dance No. 207. Spanish Dance No. 208. Spanish Dance No. 209. Spanish Dance No. 210. Spanish Dance No. 211. Spanish Dance No. 212. Spanish Dance No. 213. Spanish Dance No. 214.

Electric Light Galop. First Love Redowa. Flowers of Edinburg. Fred Wilson's Clog. Girl's Left Behind Me. Good for the Tongue. Haste to the Wedding. If the Heart of Man. Irish Washerwoman. Jolly Dancer's Melody. Jordan is a Hard Road. Kendall's Hornpipe. Kinloch of Kinloch. Lady of the Lake. Lady Walpole's Reel. Land of Sweet Erin. Lass of Richmond Hill. Little Fairy Waltz. Liverpool Hornpipe. Minnie Foster's Clog. Minuet de la Cour. Miss McLeod's Reel. Move Along Galop. Petes' Hornpipe, La. Paddy O'Rafferty. Pop Goes the Weasel. Portland Fancy No. 1. Portland Fancy No. 2. Red Lion Hornpipe. Reel O'Thulchan. Rickett's Hornpipe. Sailors Set on Shore. St. Patrick's Day. Secret Love Gavotte. Shunter's Hornpipe. Sir Roger de Coverly. Smash the Windows. Spanish Dance No. 1. Spanish Dance No. 2. Spanish Dance No. 3. Spanish Dance No. 4. Spanish Dance No. 5. Spanish Dance No. 6. Spanish Dance No. 7. Spanish Dance No. 8. Spanish Dance No. 9. Spanish Dance No. 10. Spanish Dance No. 11. 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ALL FOR TWO HANDS.

Green Grows the Rashes, O. Maid in the Pump Room. Money in Both Pockets. O'er Boggie wi' my Love. Irishman's Heart to the Ladies. Johnny's Made a Wedding O.T. Keep the Country Bonnie Lassie. My Love She's but a Lassie Yet.

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Green Grows the Rashes, O. Maid in the Pump Room. Money in Both

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ASHIONS for this month are beginning to take on a more decided turn towards winter wear. Warmth and comfort are more seriously considered than they have been in some seasons past, and there is so wide a divergence, as indicated at present, that she who cannot be suited with some of them would better adopt the Greek costume—a sort of a sleeveless Mother Hubbard—and be done with it.

Gloves vary with the seasons every year. This fall the old gauntlet glove, which used to be so popular, is having a new lease of popularity, and comes in kid, silk and lined gloves. They are worn on the street and are especially desirable for driving or riding wear, although they can hardly be said to be suitable for church or evening wear. It is well to remember, in regard to gloves as well as to other garments, that the inconspicuous is always the best. It is never good taste to wear light blue, scarlet or green gloves, unless they match evening dress on special occasions, no matter what the extremes of fashion may call for. Comfort readers, I am sure, will always consider good taste, economy, and comfort, before other things in regard to latest styles. The best kid gloves for street wear during the next few months are the thick, warm dog-skins which usually fit well and wear splendidly. By the way, the undressed kids which have been first in favor for several years are now being dropped for the glaze or dressed variety.

Fur gloves later in the season will be popular with those who can afford them. Mittens, too, are going to have their innings again, both of silk and wool. What is prettier for a Christmas present than a pair of silk mittens nicely knitted by the skillful fingers of the giver? Fur mittens, of course, are the warmest and cosiest things for cold hands in winter time. Any young man would appreciate a pair of these mittens even though coming from his "best girl"; even though he might strongly object to her "giving him the mitten" in another sense! Angora wool makes beautiful knitted mittens, but it is very expensive. A pair costs about \$2.50 and will scarcely wear more than one winter—so that it does not pay to buy it. Saxony wool makes fine, soft mittens, warmer and better wearing than silk. The little folks, by all means, should be provided with good warm mittens for winter. There are no gloves that can be a fit substitute for them with Johnnie or Nellie. Blessed be the house that has a grandma who can knit mittens for the children.

Everybody has predicted that fur capes, which have been worn so long, have had their day, and some have feared to buy them for fear of their "going out of style next year." Never were they in better favor, however, than now. The new ones are of the shapes that have prevailed all summer—the flaring shoulder-cape with a high, full collar. They are very warm and very becoming to most people—and often very expensive. It is well, of course, in



HER NEW FUR CAPE.

selecting a fur cape to get one that is not too pronounced in style. Select the fur for its wearing qualities. If you can afford a high-priced cape, nothing is finer than seal or mink; and yet there is a question if it is worth while to put so much money into the expensive varieties of fur, since the styles do change every year. A full-fashioned seal-skin sack keeps to nearly the same shape year after year, but everything else changes. A black hare or cone cape often looks well for a couple of seasons, and has the advantage of being comparatively inexpensive. It is not positively necessary (thank fortune!) that one's shoulder cape should be of fur. There are pretty astrachan and chinchilla cloths that make up into extremely serviceable capes. The heavy wool plushes also have a dressy effect and if made at home, by the aid of a pattern, and lined with old silk, need not be very expensive. For a young girl the light cloakings make very becoming shoulder capes; and for all ages of womanhood nothing is so convenient in the line of wraps as the shoulder capes which may be easily slipped on or off, and which protect the back and shoulders from drafts and chill-

ing winds without burdening the rest of the body with heavy weight as the winter cloaks which are a necessity later do. Cloaks for the little women of the family are prettier than ever. They are cut large and full and come nearly to the tops of the shoes. They have full sleeves and cute, ruffled capes, sometimes two or three of them about the neck. A particularly desirable one was seen in a Boston shop window the other day, made of fancy red cloth in a basket weave. The skirt portion was quite full fastening to a yoke. The sleeves were full and gathered into a turned back cuff. Three tiny shoulder capes finished the top of this little garment, and both they and the cuffs had the smallest edging or binding of black fur. It was an expensive and stylish little coat, but it could be easily imitated at home and not cost very much. Do you know that you can often



FOR THE LITTLE WOMEN.

get a nice little cloak out of an old overcoat that has grown too shabby to serve its original purpose any longer? One young mother made an uncommonly pretty coat from a pair of cast-off pantaloons of her diege-lord. They were of fine, bluish gray cloth, and when turned and made up stylishly and edged with chinchilla fur, you would never have mistrusted that little Missy's new cloak had not come straight from one of the New York stores. Again an old dress-skirt of ladies' cloth or fine flannel will often cut over advantageously for this purpose. Of course, unless the cloth is very thick and warm, it should be lined, and wadded about the waist and shoulders. She is a wise woman who knows how to cut over old garments into smaller new ones; and wiser still if she buys the new things for herself, thus letting her husband and children have the satisfaction of seeing her always well and appropriately dressed, while she makes over hers and his old things for the children.

It is quite an art to know how to do this; but it is an art which may be acquired by any and all.

For grown up people there is something new in cloaks, also, as seen by our fashion correspondent in New York, too late for illustration in this issue; but next month we shall hope to tell you all about them.



NEW SLEEVES.

There are some new styles in sleeves this fall. The one which we present is trimmed with ruffles from the elbow to the shoulder, and, strange as it may seem, is extremely becoming to nearly everyone. Much more so than the high ruffled shoulders to which we have become accustomed through the summer. It is said that the large sleeve is doomed. Those of simple coat shape, with slight fullness on the shoulder, and the Garibaldi shape will presently occupy our attention. The fashion for high shoulders is rapidly passing away, and with it one of the chief elements of smartness known to woman's dress. Of course we are rapidly training our vision to see grace and elegance personified only by flat and sloping shoulders, but the unprejudiced observer must admit that women without much style of their own to carry it off appear undeniably dowdy in the 1890 fashions. It requires a pretty woman to be quaint and picturesque. A plain one is equal to tailor-made trimness and style. The close part on the forearm is often covered with a succession of folds of two materials, one the dress fabric, the other the trimming. Velvet and satin remain the favorite trimmings. Bayadere silks and satins are much used as sleeves for wool dresses. Narrow fur bands are also used. Also passementeries, often worked, like lace. COMFORT readers will, however, remember that a plain and inconspicuous style is always the best in sleeves as well as other parts of the gown. The flaring bell-skirt is still worn, and we present our readers with a new way of trimming it, in which the braid or ribbon is not cut. The illustration shows a dress of serge or silk homespun, trimmed with black ribbon. This is set on in such a way that it begins near the belt at one side and passes around the skirt three times in a spiral form, ending at the bottom, whence it goes clear around the edge of the skirt. The frill which goes over the shoulders is edged with the same ribbon, as are also the cuffs and collar. Some dressmakers instead of having the trimming go around the bottom of the skirt, begin it with a bow at the left side near the top, then pass it around three times, taking great care to have the distance between the rows kept equal, and finishing with a bow at the bottom on the right side. This is a novel fashion and very pretty. Of course it may be varied to suit the whim of any one who chooses to do so. Plain goods of solid color are always in good taste; mixtures, however, with shot effects are exceedingly popular just now, although they are not always the most economical goods to buy. The most fashionable color this fall is a sort of Havana brown, which

appears in dress goods, cloaks and bonnets. As it is a shade that has not been worn for some time, it will doubtless have quite a run; and whoever buys it now will be sure of its being in style for a long time. In spite of the fact that navy blue has been worn until every one is tired of it twice over, it is still coming in the new goods in every conceivable variety. The fact is, nothing else is so universally becoming, so easily combined with other shades and colors, and so good to wear.

Plaids were never more beautiful than they are this year, nor more varied. They not only include the regular line of tartans, but many handsome French plaids. Decidedly the most elegant are the bengalines or poplins, in large plaids, red, blue and green, crossed with bars of yellow silk, and with seeds of gold-colored silk thread all over the surface. These are among the most expensive of the plaids but they require no trimming, so that the real cost is not so great after all.

Our foreign correspondent informs us that there is still in Paris a tendency to reduce the amplitude of skirts, and furthermore that the best dressmakers do not employ stiff facings of hair cloth, buckram or crinoline in skirts.

The new stuffs manufactured for autumn and winter, both in woollens and silks, are of the supple clinging quality which lends itself so well to natural folds that the announcement made in some quarters seems quite credible, that we are to return to double skirts, or, at least, to skirts slightly draped.

There was never a season when ribbons played so important a part in the dress question. Worth, the great Parisian dressmaker, makes entire dresses of them. The foundation is a kind of grenadine laid in deep plaits, with a ribbon down each plait ending in a loop and end at the foot. The waist may be made of either lengthwise or crosswise strips of ribbon, according as a woman is long or short waisted, and has in either case a ruche or ribbon around the shoulders. Braid is employed in place of ribbon on substantial woollens, such as serges, chevots and cloths, and is set on in spaced rows of the wider kinds, or in closer rows of narrow widths. Some simple tailor gowns have three or four rows of braid 30 inches above the lower edge where the folds of the skirt separate.

Fabrics for autumn cloaks and jackets are imported in nasturtium brown, petunia, silver, imperial Russian green, friars' gray, and admiral blue. Some of the cloths have a bourette stripe raised in rough lines on their smooth surface, and others are crossed with netted wool meshed in camel's hair.

The shapes of some of the hats are more than a little eccentric, and among the new models many may be picked out which are certain forerunners of the hats that will, a month or two hence, be seen in felt and velvet. The new low and flat crowned hats in Italian straw with the wide open brim in front, and worn far back on the head to fall over the nape of the neck, are reproduced in felt, and promise to be becoming. There is another hat, called the Harlequin, which is a mere ridge across the top of the head with a big velvet bow in front and a ridge of flowers at the back. And there are antiquated shapes, like the cottage bonnets of many years ago, with a large bow of ribbon in front, and strings to match. It is too early yet, however, to predict anything certain in regard to hats or bonnets for the winter.

Of course every woman is interested in the way to do her hair. One of the latest fashions is to wear ribbon on the head in some shape. One of the ways in which it is worn is a satin bow tied in the Alsatian shape, such as was popular ten years ago. These bows are made of ribbon in all colors, wide black velvet being the softest and most elegant for day wear. The hair must be plaited loosely, then turned back upon the head, the end, with the wide Alsatian bow fastening on top of the head. Another fashion is to tie satin ribbon in the shape known as "donkey ears," and wear it at the side of the knot of hair which is done up on the top of the head. Sometimes they are pinned on with a small jeweled stick-pin. Of course any one can tell by trying where it would be the most becoming. Bandoaux of narrow ribbon are used and are pretty for young girls with the hair worn low. Those who wear the hair simply parted and carried back from the forehead will do better to avoid bandoaux of any kind. Of course, a comb is not to be worn either with bandoaux or bows. Some



A FALL GOWN.

young girls who wear their hair in a simple knot behind pass a ribbon around the knot and tie it in a bow at the left side.

Eton jackets are still worn, but are really becoming to women with small waists and small hips, and look better on short women than tall.

New skirts slope outward round the hem, but are nearly tight-fitting at the hips. The latest fashion is to button them down the side of the front.

With these hints, you can easily remodel last winter's gown so that it will be quite the proper thing for the coming season. Supposing you have a plain bell-skirt, or one with narrow foot-trimming. If the latter, rip off the trimming and sponge and press the skirt; then with braid or ribbon you can trim it in spiral shape according to our illustration, which will give it an entirely fresh appearance. If the basque was made with coat-tails, or if it came pretty well over the hips, cut it off just below the waist-line, or even with it, with a very slight point at the back. Finish it nicely around the bottom. Then if you have pieces enough of the goods, make puffs and shoulder ruffle of the goods edged with ribbon. If, however, you have no pieces, make the puffs and ruffle of plain silk to match the ribbon.

And there you are with your new winter gown.

HINTS FOR WOMEN.

Vinegar will remove lime from carpets. Bags of lavender will keep moths away. Use a damp cloth for dusting furniture. Scald milk-pans and pitchers once a day. Soap should not be allowed to lie in the water. Thin pine shavings make a good hammock pillow. To cool off a hot oven, set a pan of cold water in it. Draw paper bags over cans of fruit to shut out the light.

Powdered alum mixed with white of an egg will remove a sty.

Always keep the molasses jug corked and the sugar box covered.

Baking soda mixed with brick dust will clean knives beautifully.

Turpentine, rubbed on grease spots with a cloth, will remove them.

Let raisins stand 15 minutes in hot water before seeding them.

Weak alum water will strengthen the eyes if bathed carefully in it.

An ounce of alum in a hogshead of putrid water will purify it in a few hours.

Half a teaspoonful of baking soda in a gallon of hard water will render it soft.

Covers of lard pails are useful to put under pots and pans when the stove is too hot.

To keep the juice in a berry pie, pin a strip of cotton cloth around the edge while baking.

Never throw away food that can be warmed over. Some things are better for a second cooking.

The juice of one lemon in five cents worth of glycerine and a little rose water will whiten the skin. A spoonful of chloride of lime in a quart of water and strained will remove mildew from cloth dipped in it.

Wash oil-cloths once a month in "skim-milk," and rub once in three months with linseed oil. Never use soapsuds on them.



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Please mention COMFORT when you write.

SANTUZZA.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY NEITH BOYCE.

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DICK CAVERLY was whistling softly as he moved about the one bare room of his little cabin, but there was no jubilation in the strain. Yet Dick was making his toilet for a dinner—and dinner-parties were rare up on San

Luis. This one to be sure was but a stag-party of two, and moreover it was a farewell, since his prospective host was to leave the camp on the next morning's stage. Travers was the only man on the mountain with whom Dick could fraternize. Therefore he was melancholy even with the prospect before him of Travers' *chili con carne*, upon the strength of which the latter claimed for himself the title of the best cook on the mountain. Caverly had finished shaving—an extra touch in honor of the event—and now he pulled on his corduroy coat and surveyed as much of his picturesquely-clad six-foot-two of brawn as the small cracked mirror on the wall would accommodate.

Suddenly across the pale square of the window flashed a shadow. A moment later it darkened the doorway. Caverly wheeled about sharply as a man sprang into the cabin and slamming the door, shot the heavy bolt in the socket. Instantly the small room was almost dark.

"Who's that?" demanded Caverly, backing toward the shelf where his revolver lay.

Breathing heavily like a hunted animal, the man came a few steps nearer and Caverly recognized one of the Mexican hands at the lumber-mill.

"Juan Valera! What's the matter—are you loco?"

The Mexican shook his head, staggered sideways and leaned against the wall, panting for breath.

"No, señor, no! Don't let them take me! Por el amor de Dios!"

Caverly pushed forward the only chair in the room and stood silent for a moment, his finger on the trigger of his revolver, and his eyes on Valera, who had collapsed limply into the seat.

"Now, Valera, if you've got your breath, tell me what the trouble is. What have you done?"

"Nothing, señor—I swear by the blessed Virgin!"

In the faint light from the window the Mexican's face showed ghastly white with terror.

"Hear that! They're coming! O, Señor Richards, help me, hide me somewhere!"

"Nonsense, it's the wind in the pine trees," said Caverly, exasperated by the man's cowardice. "Can't you—"

He paused suddenly and stood alert, listening. Was that the murmur of the pines, or was it the tramping of feet in the dry needles which carpeted the forest? Valera too caught the sound and got to his feet. A shout outside was echoed by his stifled cry of terror as he started toward Caverly.

"Keep back!" cried the latter warily.

"Señor, they'll hang me! I didn't kill him, I swear to you! O my wife, my Santuzza! and my poor little Pedro! Ah—"

There was the red flash of a lantern and a rush of feet past the window, and then a sharp rap on the door.

"Mr. Caverly! are you here?" cried a rough voice.

"Señor, don't let them in!" cried Valera as Caverly moved past him.

"Be still! I'm going to open the door and see what these men want. I won't let them hurt you unless you deserve it. Sabé that? Then shut up."

With this Caverly shot the bolt and flung the door open. A murmur of surprise greeted him from the dozen men dimly visible in the red light of the lanterns outside.

"What, you here? We didn't see any light and thought—"

"What's the matter?" demanded Caverly.

"A man's been killed and we're after the fellow that done it!" said one of the foremost hoarsely.

"Who's killed?"

"Travers."

"My God!" Caverly caught at the door-casing. "It can't be!"

For an instant his brain reeled. He leaned against the side of the door, hearing dimly, as in a confused dream, the voices of the men around him.

"Juan Valera," some one was saying when he pulled himself together. "We were close on his trail and we know he's here. Bring him out, Caverly. We'll show the greaser that a white man—" the speaker shook the lariat which was coiled about his arm.

"Are you sure he did it?" asked Caverly, strangely calm.

"Sure? Of course we are. Wasn't his knife lying in the blood by poor Travers when we found him?"

"Was he dead?" here Caverly's voice trembled slightly.

"No, he isn't dead, but Doc says—"

"Not dead? Why in Heaven's name didn't you tell me? I must go. Johnson, don't hang Valera till you're dead sure he deserves it. Lock him up and then if—if Travers—"

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"Doc says he can't live," said Johnson doggedly. "And we propose to finish the job while we're about it. We ain't the men to tramp six miles through the woods for nothing. Don't bother us, Mr. Caverly. Go on and see your friend and let us alone."

"I won't let you murder a defenseless man," said Caverly doggedly. "I promised to protect him and I will. You can take him and guard him till he's proved guilty."

"He's proved guilty now!" shouted another man. "Stand aside or it'll be the worse for you!"

Caverly knew the fierce temper of these men and their ill-feeling toward the Mexicans, and he saw that both were now exasperated to a dangerous pitch. But he could not desert Valera.

"You cannot take him unless you promise me not to harm him now," he said.

"How're you going to help yourself?" jeered one of the men.

"I advise you not to try it. 'I'll do for one of you anyway and you'll have to kill me first!' cried Caverly recklessly. His blood was thoroughly up. Every muscle and sinew in his magnificent body was tense with resolution.

The angry crowd paused a moment. This was considerably more than they had bargained for. Suddenly Johnson dropped the coiled lariat from his arm and stepped forward.

"Come on, boys, let's end this!" he cried. Caverly measured with a glance the heavy frame of his advancing adversary. He saw that the man meant to match physical force with him. The weapon in his hand was not natural to him. He thrust it into his belt and stepped to the ground, feeling the old exultant confidence in his tried strength and skill sweep over him. Johnson was an inch shorter than himself, massively built and, as he knew, of enormous strength.

"Fair play—one at a time!" he cried. At the same moment Johnson sprang forward and his right arm shot out like a flash. Caverly parried and in his turn lunged but Johnson ducked under his arm and the two men clinched. For some moments they struggled, almost motionless, so evenly were they matched. Suddenly Johnson, too impatient to feint, stooped and shot forward, his arms low down to get his favorite hold. But at that instant the half-Nelson of the college gymnasium came into play against him. There was a half-turn of Caverly's body, a wrench forward and Johnson, lifted clear from his feet, was whirled on a pivot and crashed full-length on the ground. Stunned by the terrible shock for some moments he lay motionless.

"Any of the rest of you want to try it?" demanded Caverly, breathing hard. In an instant he saw from the expression of the men's faces that the victory was gained. Johnson had been the ring-leader and his discomfiture had momentarily paralyzed them.

"Give me your word that you won't harm Valera to-night," said Caverly, changing his tone. "And let me go to Travers. I may be too late now."

The men hesitated and then yielded a grudging assent.

"We aren't afraid of you, young feller—you know that," began one.

"Of course," agreed Caverly. "Now you're acting like men. Valera!"

He turned and called twice, but there was no answer. Hastily he lit a candle. The little room was empty. Valera had made his escape through the window. There was an angry murmur from the crowd when this fact was made certain.

"Let him go," said Caverly. "If he's really guilty I'll turn out myself and help you track him to-morrow. Good-night."

He sprang down the steps leaving the door wide open and struck out into the woods at a run. The never-ceasing murmur of the great pines sounded above him like the wash of the sea. The dry needles crackled under his feet. Between the tops of the trees gleamed the marvelously clear starry sky, and the divine air of the mountains flowed and eddied about him like a living thing. He plunged down the slopes at a rate that soon brought him into view of the scattered lights of the little hamlet, and a moment later to the door of Travers' cabin, which stood a little apart from the others. The door was open. He stepped inside. The front room was empty, but in the other "Doc" Simpson sat tilted back in a chair reading an old newspaper by the light of a tall candle, and in one corner on the low cot lay a still figure, the face turned to the wall. At Caverly's almost noiseless approach, Doc looked over his paper and in response to the other's signal rose cautiously and came out.

"Is he—dead?" whispered Caverly.

"No, not yet—but he won't live till morning," answered Doc with professional nonchalance.

"Is he asleep—can I see him?"

"Yes, you can see him. Nothing'll hurt him now."

Caverly went up to the cot and stooped over it with bated breath. There was a slight movement of Travers' head and his eyes half opened.

"Travers, old fellow!" whispered Caverly.

The dying man smiled faintly and nodded. Caverly dropped on his knees beside the cot.

"How did this happen?" he groaned between his teeth. "Who did it, Travers?"

"Nothing—accident," said Travers, faintly.

"No, it wasn't! The men are after Juan Valera. They swear he did it—"

"No," said Travers. A spasm of pain contracted his face.

"Who was it? Tell me, or they'll hang him."

Travers bit his lip. "Santuzza," he murmured. "They won't hurt her, will they?"

"Santuzza!" broke from Caverly's lips.

"It's all my fault—I've been a fool, Dick," whispered the dying man.

Caverly rose and looked down on the white face, with an expression half of accusation, half of anguish pity.

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Fourth Book wedding.

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Sixth Garnet wedding.

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Tenth Silk and fine linen wedding.

Twelfth Crystal wedding.

Fifteenth China wedding.

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WORDS OF CHEER.

We herewith print some extracts from letters such as are received every day by The Giant Oxie Co., Augusta, Maine. Any one desiring to get a sample of this Wonderful Food free should send their addresses at once.

J. G. Christie, Nauvoo, Pa.

"I received the box of Oxien and can say it has done me a great deal of good. I have been troubled with my head for two years, caused by the Grippe. It has helped more than anything I ever took."

Mrs. J. R. Stone of Tuscaloosa, Ala., says: "Having been confined to my room for months I find Oxien has done me more good than three of the best doctors; it is surely all and more than you claim it to be, and 'worth its weight in gold.'"

Sept. 13, 1893, N. N. Tripp, Toledo, Ohio, writes: "As for myself, I was in very bad shape, could not eat, sleep or work. After taking Oxien three days I felt better and have been as good as new for three months."

Sept. 6, Mrs. Walter Gwinn, Sanford, Fla., says: "Oxien is the only medicine I can take for my Dyspepsia, which I have been a great sufferer from for nearly two years, when a friend whom it had helped told me about it. I sent to Ocala for some and in a short time I felt so relieved I sent for some more."

Ann E. Matthews, St. Paul, S. C., August 9, 1893: "Oxien has done me more good than all other medicines in the world put together. Since I have been taking Oxien I feel perfectly well and can go for miles. Before I commenced taking it I could not walk but a very short distance my breath was so short."

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Design, Daisies, 6 in. high. [Illustration.]

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August 30, Henry Duench, Wellesley, Ont., encloses a dollar and writes:

"I cured a girl with one box of Oxien of St. Vitus Dance." Nothing did her good until she took Oxien, and that is a true statement, and I can give witness to it. I want this box for another girl, so send it as soon as possible."

July 29th, 1893, Elizabeth Wines, Stony, Texas, says:

"I have been afflicted for twenty-two years with Dropsy, Rheumatism, Heart Disease and Kidney Neuralgia. I had given up to die but there were a few more days of sorrow allotted me, and then the Wonderful Food came to my relief and has given me strength to work for the ailing, and enjoy many happy days again."

July 19, Jeremiah Gossert, Palmyra, Pa.

"Oxien was recommended to me by Wm. Williams of near Hockersville, who cannot praise it enough as it has made him a well man after six years of suffering, and he had eight of the best physicians in Philadelphia pronounce his case hopeless. He is a well man to-day and 'Oxien did it,' he said when I asked him what cured him, and I wish to try it."

Walker Bartlett of High Mound, Ala., says in a letter dated Aug. 26, 1893: "My wife has had dropsy for over three years, it would be impossible for anyone to have it worse and live. Having tried twelve of the best doctors without avail; being obliged to raise \$500.00 on my farm and spend everything I had besides to pay the bills, you may judge how happy I am to know that a dollars worth of Oxien has done more good than a thousand dollars worth of medicine."

Sept. 6, 1893, Francis Hassett of Drewsey, Ore., says:

"I have been sick for the last thirteen years with a pain in my back and stomach until I could not move or speak. I would be sick in bed for two months at a time. My husband called in many doctors, but they did not know what was the matter with me. I could not eat, sleep, or work, and what I did eat would not agree with me. A friend, Mrs. Hamilton, told me to use Oxien; it has helped me where other medicines failed. I eat my regular meal, sleep, and attend to my household affairs. My stomach

Practical Electricity For Boys.

I V.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY H. EDWARD SWIFT.

Copyright, 1893, by The Gannett & Morse Concern.

HERE you are boys, with a chance to earn the money for your Christmas presents.

Knowing how much you would prize another chance just now, when you are all anxious for a little extra money, I have induced the publishers of COMFORT to renew the special offer which you will find below. Now that school has opened again, and you will see dozens of boys and girls every day, it will be a very easy thing to get up a club. All you have to do is to show a copy of COMFORT and say that it is not only the cheapest but the best paper in the country—for while it costs but 25 cents a year it has sixteen pages of original and interesting matter by the best writers of the land; and every one whose attention is called to it will want it. I expect you will get up some splendid clubs.

In these days of the electric light and electric cars, there are but few boys who do not have some idea of the principle of the electric motor, or a longing to know the mystery of the buzzing machine that works so easily. Since the day when a spark was first produced by a revolving disc of glass, there has always been a mysterious something that holds one spell-bound in the presence of any piece of mechanism that produces electricity, or is moved by the same subtle force. Many a time, when a boy, have I stood and listened to the lively tick-a-tick-tick of the telegraph sounder in some railway station, and tried to imagine the form of this power so potent with life. I have stood, too, with my ear to the telegraph pole by the roadside, and heard the monotonous hum of the wires on the cross arms, as the wind swept through them; and in my ignorance thought I heard the rapid flight of the messages as they flew by, propelled by what I was told was electricity. But when I asked what electricity was, no one seemed to know. Ask the same question, boys, of any one you meet, and see if any one really knows. At the present day we know more about it than formerly; but no one knows absolutely what it is. The electric bell and the telegraph sounder are electric motors in a way and were the first steps toward the electric motor as we know it.

Dynamos, or generators as they are termed, are machines for producing electricity by mechanical force. Practically any machine that generates electricity by mechanical means, from the large generator exhibited at the World's Fair back to the copper disc which was rotated between the poles of an electro-magnet by Faraday, may be called a dynamo. Practically, too, an electric motor is a dynamo reversed, being a machine for furnishing power and actuated by electricity generally furnished by a dynamo or an electric battery.

A great many boys have tried to build a toy steam engine with greater or less success, the great trouble being the complex machine, and the fine fitting that has to be done to make a machine that will go at all. I think I can tell you how to make an electric motor that, although roughly put together, will be capable of considerable speed and power. Don't expect that you are going to pump water for the whole farm or drive a sewing machine with it, but be satisfied if you make a machine that will go at all.

Now boys, COMFORT gives you another of the best chances ever offered to make a Christmas present to one of your friends, by telling just how to make this motor. It will be necessary to have the back numbers of COMFORT containing these electrical articles to fully understand this description; so all you need to do is to send to COMFORT 25 cents for a year's subscription, asking to have it begin with the Electric Article, Part I. Why not take this time to make your friends a Christmas present by sending in a subscription for any one you wish to have it sent to, and have the Christmas number the first to reach them? or better still begin with June, 1893, and get all the articles on electricity. Don't delay this, for we must have them in as soon as possible.

You remember in my first paper the description I gave of the electro-magnet. Well, the first thing we need in building an electric motor is an electro-magnet, somewhat larger than the one we made for the bell. Get a piece of 1-2 inch round iron, any soft iron will do, and cut two pieces, each 3-16 inches long and cut a shoulder on each piece 3-16 of an inch long and the same in diameter as in Fig. 1. Now make the spool heads as described in the June number of COMFORT, only have them 1-2 inches in diameter, and

make the center hole a small 1-2 inch, so they will fit the cores tightly, and drive them on as described in the case of the bell magnets. Carefully cover the iron between the heads with paper, one layer will do, and then wind the spool level full of number twenty white or green single covered cotton magnet wire, of which you will need about 3-4 of a pound to fill the two spools. Wind the wire in smooth layers similar to a spool of cotton, so as to give your machine a finished look. We must now make a back piece or yoke, of about 1-8 inch by 3-4 inch soft iron cut three inches long, and filed off smoothly on each side. Then drill two holes, just two inches apart from center to center, as shown at A. A. in Fig. 2 3-16 inch in diameter, and two 1-8 inch

holes at B, B, to fasten the magnet to the base with. Drill a hole exactly half way between the larger holes at C, 1-8 inch in diameter and not quite through the iron. Now rivet the spools to the yoke just made, and after twisting the inside wires together as in the bell magnet, you will have a powerful electro-magnet. The base can be made of any hard wood 7-8 inch thick and 3-1-2 inches square, with the edges chamfered off or moulded.

Screw the electro-magnet to the center of the base with suitable sized round headed screws. Cut a piece of brass about 1-16 thick, 5-8 inch wide and 1-1-2 inches long and drill a 1-8 inch hole in the center, with two small holes in each end, and fasten to the top of the spools as shown in Fig. 3. This piece will make the top bearing for the shaft to run in. The shaft must be made of 1-8 inch brass or Bessemer steel rod, 31-2 inches long and tapered at one end to

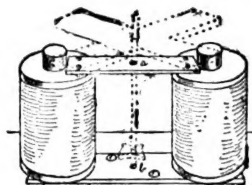


FIG. 3.

a point. From a piece of 3-32 or 1-8 inch soft iron cut a cross with arms 5-8 inch wide and each arm 1-1-2 inches long from the center. Finish up smooth with a file or emery cloth, and drill a 1-8 inch hole in the center into which force the shaft. Put the shaft in its place and drive the cross or armature down until it will revolve very close to the end of the magnet and not touch. (See dotted lines in Fig. 3.) Be sure and have the armature tight on the shaft and ream out the holes at A and B Fig. 3, so the shaft will turn easily. Next we must make the commutator, or the armature will not revolve. Make this of 1-8 inch brass about 5-16 inch square and shaped as Fig. 4. Put this on the shaft tight by driving after the shaft has been put through the top bearing. A thin piece of spring brass will make the brush or circuit breaker. This should be very thin, 1-1-2 inches long and 3-16 inch wide, and fastened to a metal post or bracket 1-2 inch high, arranged as shown in D Fig. 5. The spring is bent as in the cut so not to touch the commutator until it is turned slightly by the hand; then the magnet receives the current from the battery and pulls the armature around until directly over the spools, and then the circuit will be broken again at the commutator, and so on until you have the motor running at its utmost speed. Connect one of the wires from

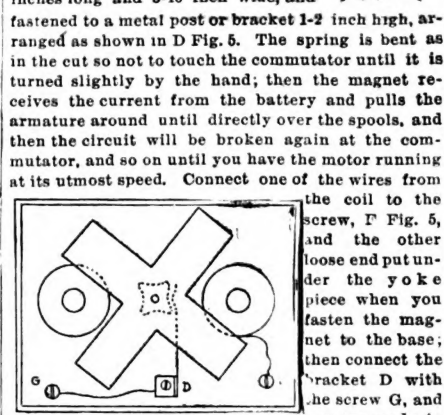
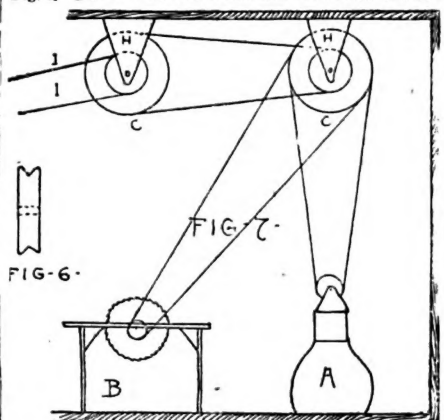


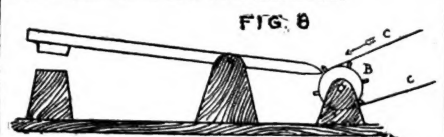
FIG. 4.

the coil to the screw, F Fig. 5, and the other loose end under the yoke piece when you fasten the magnet to the base; then connect the bracket D with the screw G, and you are ready to connect with the battery. You may find it will take considerable experimenting to adjust the spring to get the best speed. But patience and a little ingenuity will accomplish the work and you will soon be able to regulate the speed as you wish. On the end of the shaft above the armature a small pulley can be placed with which to drive miniature saw mills, and funny freaks that any smart boy can devise from paper or cardboard.

One of the easiest arrangements to make is a miniature machine shop. Use for a main shaft an ordinary knitting needle, and make the hangers, or the bearings as they are called, for it to run in, of card-board. You can make the pulleys of thin pieces of wood, cutting a groove all around the edge for the belt, as in Fig. 6. Make them of different sizes for the different machines you wish to represent. The arrangement will be something like Fig. 7. The hangers H, H can be cut out and the end



folded over and glued to the top of your miniature room, and the pulleys must be driven on tightly so as to insure the whole shaft turning. I, I is the belt leading to the motor and should be made of common sewing thread. Another arrangement is the Trip Hammer. You can connect this with a belt direct to the motor. Fig. 8 represents this machine. The hammer helve A should be of wood about 1-8 of an inch square, and the wheel with the teeth B can be made of a small silk spool with six pins driven in for teeth. C is the belt to the motor. Your ingenuity will suggest a number of different working models that can be used with your motor.



The battery required to run this motor is the same as described in the July COMFORT, and will require about three cells. Do not run the motor with these cells too long as it will kill the life of the battery; they are not made for constant use.

Now bring on your friends, and you will be a hero at once. Don't forget to get them to subscribe for COMFORT. I have taken a great deal of interest in noting the industry which some of our boys have shown in getting up COMFORT Electric Clubs, in the towns in which they live. I am sure you must have derived considerable knowledge as well as pleasure in carrying out the work laid out, and the wide awake have made some money in getting up clubs. Keep on sending in clubs until December first, and then look for COMFORT's new series of articles, interesting because wholly practical.

Boys, you will live to see your country homes lighted by this wonderful electricity; you will have your breakfast cooked, and your room heated by the same agent, and who knows but we may yet fly through the air by means of the same mysterious power. If Old Ben Franklin could wake up and look around upon the mighty works that are being carried on by means of electricity, he would be more thunder-struck than he was when he drew the tiny spark from the clouds by the silken kite string to his hand. I fear he would not be able to retain his senses. I

trust, boys, these few papers on electricity will stimulate some of you to take up this study in earnest. You will find it hard work, but you will also find pleasure in your investigations. Its wonders never cease, and you will find a conundrum to unravel at every turn. Get your friends to send in subscriptions at once, so as to have all the papers ready to refer to; otherwise you will be unable to follow me. Now read this offer carefully, and then go to work in earnest. I wonder who will earn the most money of all of you.

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1. In order to enable every boy to study and experiment with the wonders of electricity, and to enable him to become a bread-winner and money-maker, the Publishers of COMFORT make the following extraordinary offer, which is open to BOYS ONLY, and which holds good until December 1st, 1893.

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2. No club of less than 10 subscribers will be received under this offer, and the names of every club must all be sent at one and the same time; but every boy may get up as many clubs as he can, before December 1st.

3. Every club sent under this offer must be addressed Publishers of COMFORT, (Electrical Department), Augusta, Maine, and must be accompanied with the subscription money, either in P. O. or express money order, postal note, registered letter or postage stamps BEFORE DECEMBER 1ST.

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